the weekly Standard

MAY 28, 2001

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JEREMY RABKIN

Death by Therapy

The New Age counselors who killed a little girl—and the "child welfare" regime that enabled them

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

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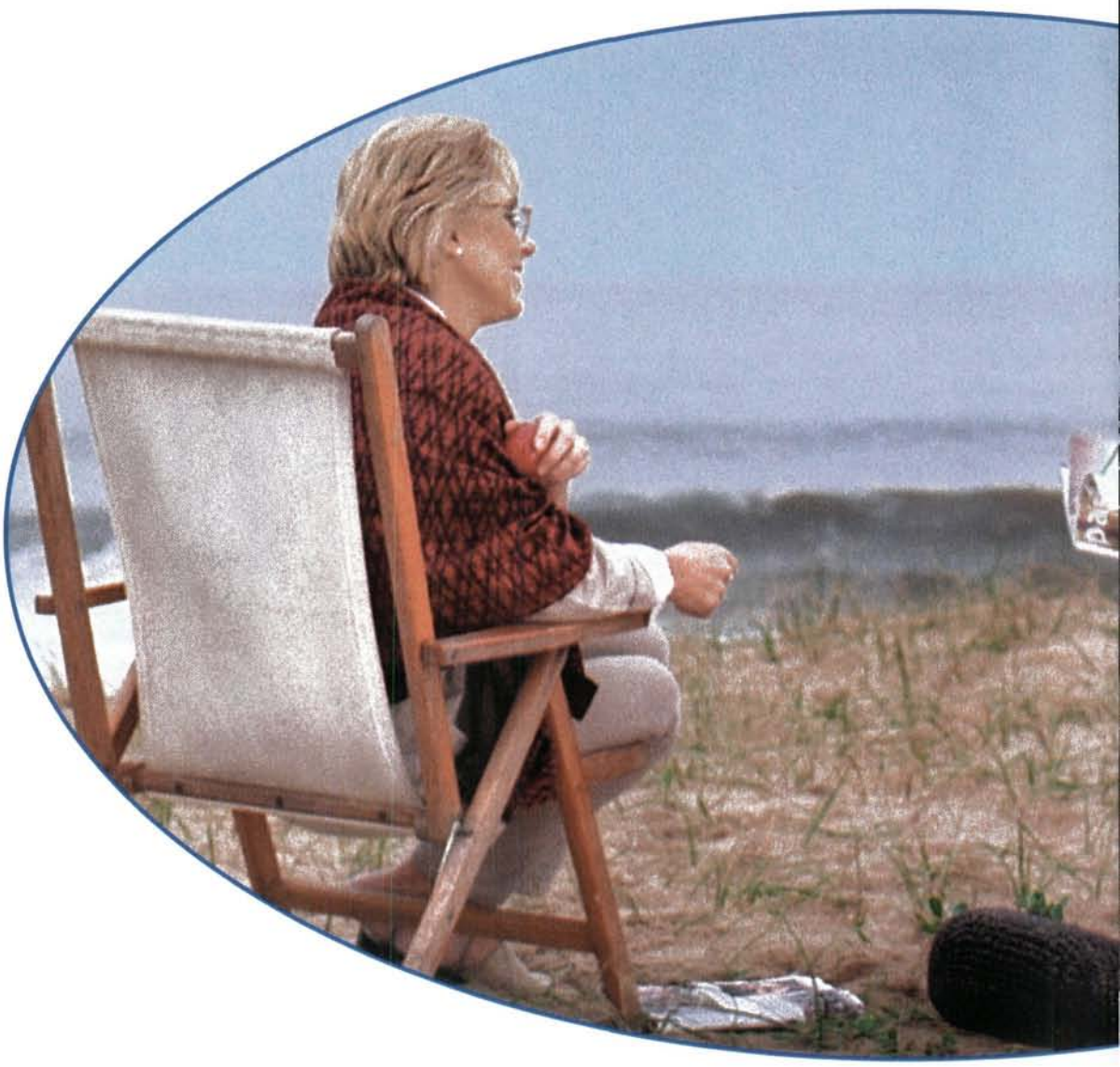

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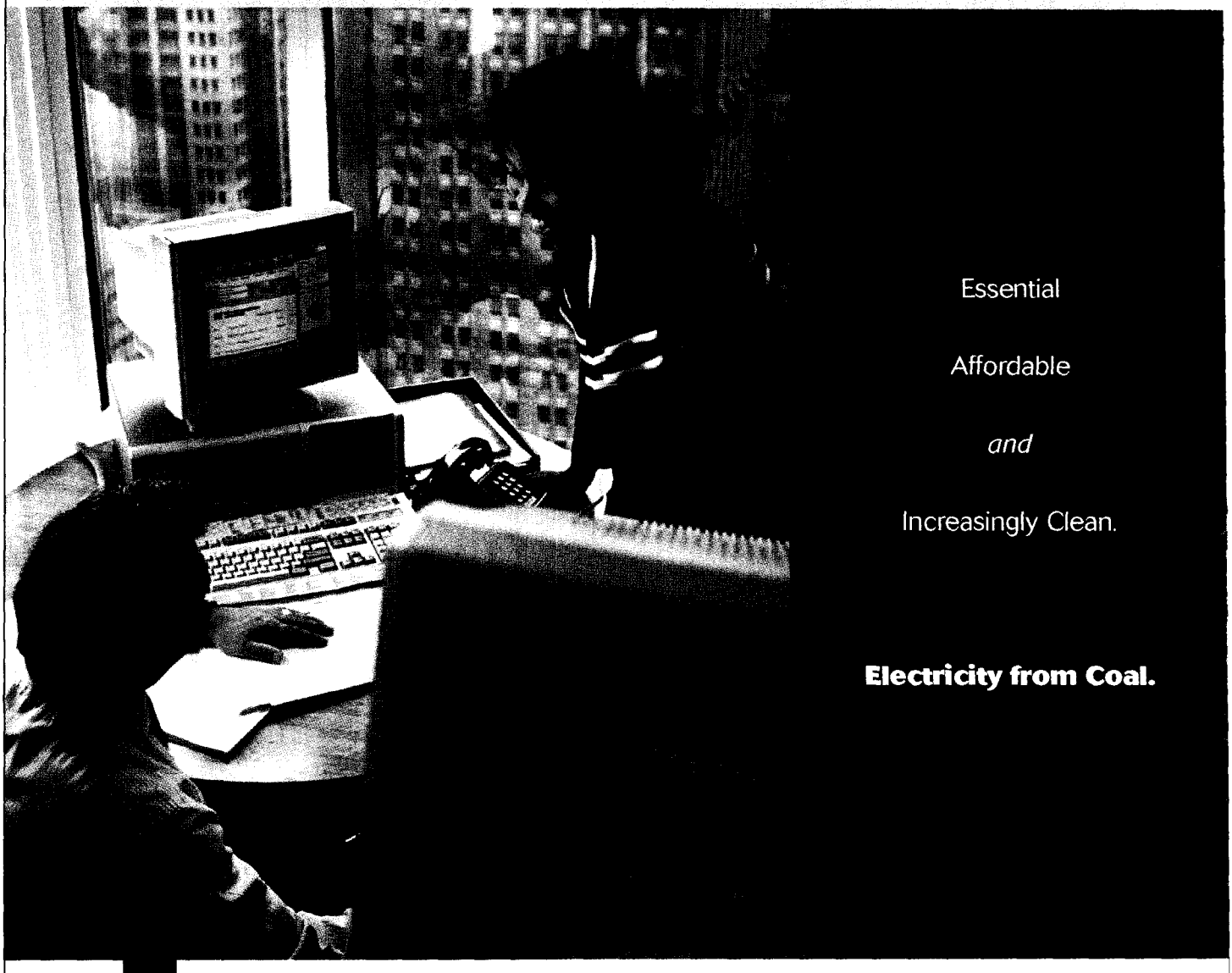

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Montezuma's Revenge?

Just when we had vowed never to use the term "political correctness" again . . . Last week, reports AP, "Monty Montezuma," the San Diego State mascot, got demoted by university officials "who want a more dignified portrayal of the Aztec leader." This, despite overwhelming support from the student body for retaining the loin-cloth wearing cheerleader, who heaves a flaming spear into the turf before the school's football games.

According to the AP account, president Stephen Weber is a particularly earnest enforcer of political correctness. "If we are to employ the symbols of another culture, and portray a particular historical figure within that culture," said Weber at the anti-Monty news conference, "we have an obligation to do so in an accurate and respectful way."

What's particularly ludicrous is that Monty will be redesigned to serve as a multicultural "ambassador." Weber continued: "The Aztecs considered fire sacred. In a broad sense, I think what well-intended people inadvertently did was drift a little bit north toward Hollywood. And I think we're going to drift back down to Mesoamerica, where we belong."

Ah, yes. Let's drift back down to Mesoamerica, and let's do so in an accurate way. Perhaps the new Monty can kick off the football season more authentically. We suggest a live sacrifice of one of the opposing team's cheerleaders, provided they can find one who's a virgin. ♦

Virtual Reality

On the Wednesday, May 9, episode of NBC's *The West Wing*, the character played by actor Martin Sheen, "President Bartlet," went into mourning when his secretary, "Mrs. Landingham," played by actress Kathryn Joosten, was struck and killed by a drunk driver.

During the Thursday, May 10, episode of the California State Assembly, that real-life legislature's real-life majority leader, a character played by San Francisco Democrat Kevin Shelley, also went into mourning for "Mrs. Landingham"—and actually adjourned the day's session in her honor. NBC's deceased fictional character, Shelley announced to the legislature, was a "great American" whose "contributions to the nation were too numerous to count." Then he gaveled the day's business to a close.

At the end of this week, of course, the Japanese will be attacking Pearl Harbor in movie theaters across the North American continent. Memo to Californians of Japanese descent: Kevin Shelley may soon wish to undertake planning for your relocation from coastal areas. Memo to President Bartlet: What did you know, and when did you know it? ♦

Bradley Fellows

Supporters of Compton, Calif., mayor Omar Bradley believe he and his allies are particularly well qualified to improve that city's schools. "We will have four doctorates on the five-member City Council if we win," Bradley spokesman Frank Wheaton tells the *Los Angeles Times*, referring to a June 5 runoff. "I don't know of any city in [Los Angeles County] that can say that."

Lessee: There's Mayor Bradley himself, who likes to be called "Dr. Bradley," and whose campaign literature points out that "when you're running a city the size of Compton, you must have an adequate education to make the best informed decisions on behalf of our citizens."

Then there's Bradley's candidate in Compton's second Council district, Melanie Andrews. Dr. Andrews, too, thinks her doctorate an impressive qualification for public office: "It demonstrates education and commitment," she says. "If you don't have the education to understand [the] issues, how can you make good decisions?"

Then there's Amen Rahh—sorry, "Dr. Rahh"—who already represents the city's fourth Council district, and makes frequent references to his Ph.D. in newspaper ads praising Bradley and Andrews. "We have the highest academic credentials of any council around," Rahh proclaims.

Which must mean that municipal governments elsewhere in the Los Angeles area are being run by elementary school students. Because it turns out that the doctorates Bradley, Andrews, and Rahh have been bragging about are honorary degrees awarded by Yuin University, an unaccredited local acupuncture school that has been battling California state regulators for most of the past decade.

How is it that Bradley, Andrews, and Rahh would make *four* Ph.Ds on the city council? According to the *Times*, the Bradley flack who issued this boast only has a law degree. THE SCRAPBOOK suggests he seek an honorary doctorate in mathematics from Yuin U. ♦

Hustler Hayden

Meanwhile, over in the race for the fifth district seat on the Los Angeles city council, candidate Tom

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Hayden—yes, *that* Tom Hayden—is accusing opponent Jack Weiss of insensitivity to the concerns of women. Last month, it seems, Weiss declined to complete a questionnaire submitted to his campaign by the local chapter of the National Organization for Women. Parts of it were "confusing," Weiss complained at the time, and he would need more information before he could say he favors an Equal Rights Amendment to the United States Constitution. Which is apparently a key issue in Tinseltown municipal affairs.

Weiss has since confirmed his support for the ERA. But Hayden has remained unrelenting in his denunciation of Weiss's too-feeble feminism. Nothing can distract the ex-Mr. Jane Fonda from this theme, in fact. Not the $250 campaign contribution he's been forced to return to Hugh Hefner's Playboy Enterprises. And not the $500-a-plate fund-raiser Hayden last week decided to cancel at the offices of Larry Flynt's *Hustler* magazine.

Not that there'd have been anything wrong with the event. "I respect what [Flynt] has gone through," Hayden insists, "particularly his battle against censorship." Besides: "If my feminist allies had objected," a *Hustler* fund-raiser "would have been another matter." Instead, "they have said it is acceptable." Shelley Mandel, president of the Los Angeles chapter of NOW, confirms as much. "Regardless of who gives money to Tom or hosts a fund-raiser for him," Mandel argues, "Tom Hayden's commitment to women has been proven time and time again."

SCRAPBOOK sources report that during commencement activities later this spring, Hayden and Mandel will receive honorary doctorates from the Yuin University School of Hypocrisy. ♦

Copycats

Buried inside a recent *Washington Post* article ("The Man Inside China's Bomb Labs," by Steve Coll, May 16) about American nuclear scientist Danny B. Stillman's memoir of his nine trips to China is an intriguing admission. According to Stillman, China's scientists were irritated by the Cox Committee report's assertion that China had stolen American nuclear weapons design secrets that helped them miniaturize their own weapons for use on their ICBMs.

Clearly indignant over their scientific competence being challenged, they claimed they had been working on miniaturizing nuclear weapons since the 1970s but were unable to finish the research because "they lacked the computing power to carry out massive calculations. When the Chinese physicists got access to supercomputers," Stillman reports, "they pulled out their old research, ran the numbers and designed the new devices."

Leaving aside the issue of whether the Chinese claim is actually true, the obvious question is: Where did the Chinese get their hands on the supercomputers? Do the initials *U* and *S* help? Coll quotes Hu Side, a leading Chinese nuclear weapons designer, as saying: "We did not need you." Yeah, right. And the U.S. invented gunpowder. ♦

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Casual

Natalie, Attired

Last Monday began like any other day. I woke up, rubbed the sleep from my eyes, then let the dog and baby outside for their morning ablutions. The phone rang, and my wife answered it. I heard her say, "Oh no," and saw her eyes grow red-rimmed. Of all the sights that cause me to recoil—a parking ticket beneath my windshield wiper, an IRS return envelope, Art Buchwald's byline—the worst is the crying wife.

Her 73-year-old Aunt Natalie had slipped into a coma and was on life support. The family had been summoned to see her, probably for the last time. Once at the hospital, we trailed past the pharmacy where we fill our allergy prescriptions, and obstetrics, where we mint new members of the tribe. In intensive care, Natalie lay unconscious, tubes protruding from her mouth.

After bedside visits and magic words that we hoped in vain would make Natalie's machines blip, the family, resigned to her fate, congregated at a nearby barbecue restaurant. Over pulled pork and potato salad, we told Natalie stories, and discussed what to do with her ashes. Let her children decide, somebody said. Scatter her over the Patuxent River, offered someone else. "I've got a bare spot in my backyard—it could use a little fill," said a mood-lightening Uncle Leo, as Aunt Rose kicked him swift and hard under the table.

Vanity leaves many families believing that they boast an unusually high number of "characters." After years of dinner-table embellishments, individual tics are amplified into full-blown eccentricities. Every time Uncle Gus dunks his roll into the gravy boat, or Aunt Georgia sneaks a gin and tonic before Sunday School, someone will inevitably declare that their family is the zaniest.

My wife's family, modesty aside, actually is. Not the immediate family—solid citizens all, whom I'd be proud to have over for a dip in the gene pool. But there was the uncle so frugal he refused to run water during his showers, as he stood shivering in the tub, rinsing himself off with an iced-tea pitcher. Then there was the distant cousin who couldn't walk past a night stand without removing loose change, and who'd sell off her birthday gifts, then ask for replacements.

Darren Gygi

Natalie, too, might have seemed to hang from the strange-fruit side of the family tree, through no fault of her own. Childhood convulsions had left her mentally impaired—an affliction that could not suppress her gentle wit. Though her disease-prone innards functioned as efficiently as a rush-hour traffic snarl, causing her to be put on a liquid diet, she'd regularly get caught sneaking 7-Eleven half-smokes and would tell concerned relatives, "My doctors only allow me to eat hot dogs."

At family dinners, she would vigorously hug us all, usually while we were balancing hot plates or attempting crucial pool shots. She'd ask for nothing in return, except the whereabouts of "the vino," which she'd drink in greedy gulps out of a coffee cup that she believed gave her sufficient cover.

Above all, Natalie was a physical comedienne. Well-acquainted with the miracles of modern orthodontia, she hadn't much use for Fixodent. In the middle of conversation, she would shift her lower bridge out like a cash-register drawer, until adults reluctantly chuckled and small children screamed. But her best work came at Christmas. Some time between the honeyed ham and pumpkin pie, she'd disappear into the bathroom with a Food Lion shopping bag. When she emerged, she'd be in costume—as Ms. Wreath (her body lassoed head-to-toe in wreaths) or Santa (her beard would ride up, so she'd peep out the mouth hole) or the Living Christmas Tree, as which she adorned herself with tinsel and ornaments, strung herself with lights, then plugged herself into the nearest electrical outlet.

One Christmas, I heard Natalie admit that it had been a hard, lonely year. "I'm praying for God to take me," she said. Her poignant confession left us staring down into our wassails. But it was a side she rarely displayed, as she felt the least pain around her family.

That's the way families should work, when they're at their best. You don't have to be a rocket scientist or sparkling conversationalist to participate. You just have to show up, bring a covered dish, and maybe plug yourself into a wall socket. For your troubles, we'll embrace you and laugh with you and take you for granted, until we can't. Then we'll flagellate ourselves for not spending enough time together, except for the time that we did, which we'll consider well spent.

Matt Labash

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A Hero's Welcome

Noemie Emery's "The Use and Abuse of Legends" (May 7) is so misguided that one hardly knows where to begin straightening it out. True, Clark Clifford is dead. But still alive and at work is Strobe Talbott, the man who as early as 1990 began the effort to rubbish Reagan by naming Mikhail Gorbachev *Time*'s "Man of the Decade" for the 1980s. Perhaps Emery didn't notice that the entire thesis on which the Clintons won the White House was the alleged need to rectify the evils of the "decade of greed."

Bill Clinton is 54 years old. The junior senator from New York is even younger. Talbott and the Clintons are far from being the only living and active figures who have the desire and who potentially have the stature to put the real history of the 1980s down the memory hole.

Perhaps Emery has not heard of Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge was a fine president and fine man. His tax policies were the blueprint for the successful tax cuts enacted by John F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan. Coolidge may have understood better than any other twentieth-century president proper conduct for the president and the federal government. And he left office a popular figure. But his stature was never recognized publicly by his supporters the way the Reagan Legacy Project now proposes to do for Reagan's stature.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and other FDR hagiographers blackjacked Coolidge's reputation in order to build up Roosevelt's. Coolidge's reputation has never really recovered. It was decades before historians such as Paul Johnson and Thomas Silver could even write favorably of Coolidge without drawing hoots.

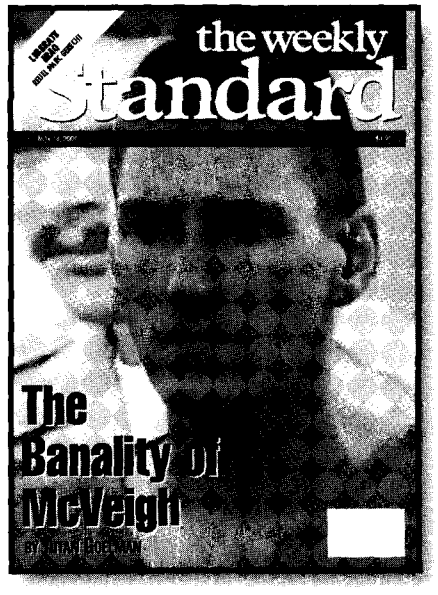
If Emery thinks that left-wing politicos and writers do not have in mind doing to Ronald Reagan what Schlesinger did to Calvin Coolidge, she is in for quite a surprise.

Regarding the currency, Emery is all in a huff about the proposal to place President Reagan's picture on the $10 bill. But she has not a word of objection about the Democratic Congresses and presidents who booted Benjamin Franklin, a far more important figure than Hamilton in defining the American character, off the half-dollar in favor of St. JFK, or who enshrined FDR on the dime, thereby effacing an image of Liberty herself. A double standard?

We cannot guarantee Ronald Reagan the place in history he deserves. But we can guarantee that future historians at least have to contend with the fact that President Reagan and his accomplishments were recognized and appreciated by those who lived when he did.

James E. Higgins
New York, NY

Having just read Noemie Emery's feature piece, I must commend this exposé of political correctness. That FDR



has lost his piquant cigarette holder and now is stooped in a wheelchair truly diminishes the man and the effect he had on our people. Have the Brits similarly scolded "Winnie" and snuffed out his stogie? And Eleanor Roosevelt being stripped of her fox tippet—at least that saves the image from bespatterment with red paint.

Call me an unnatural keeper of the Reagan flame if you must, but I must protest Emery's treatment of the Washington, D.C., National Airport name change. Representative Bob Barr is completely justified in chiding those transit bureaucrats for their inaction. I did not feel this way until Inauguration Day, 2001. I escorted my fair wife to the big city to witness the event firsthand. As the Metro approached the airport, I proudly announced, "Now we will pass through Ronald Reagan National Airport." As the tram coach trundled through the complex, not a single sign supported my proclamation. On the way back home even more ocular scrutiny was put forth, still to no avail.

Forget not renaming the Metro stops, the entire airport is invisible if one is looking for Ronald Reagan Airport from the seats of the Metro. I wish Rep. Barr the same success that senator Lauch Faircloth finally had when dealing with D.C. Democrats. It is not picking a fight for fights' sake—this is inarguably an oversight that needs some oversight!

Charles H. Farley
Greenville, NC

Justice and McVeigh

Tod Lindberg's piece about McVeigh and "the triumph of victims' rights" does not make its point strongly enough ("An Execution and Its Witnesses," May 14). The very idea of "victims' rights" in the criminal justice system is hogwash. As he pointed out, we abandoned "eye for an eye" justice centuries ago.

It is the state's responsibility to enforce law on an equal justice basis—period. And a victim's "participation" in that process, other than as a duly qualified witness with relevant evidence, by definition puts a tilt on "equal justice." Yet courts are routinely permitting "victims" to tell their stories at trial, especially at the punishment phase.

This is politics seeping into the justice system, pure and simple. And while our politicians, right and left, are all attempting to capitalize on it, we have, seemingly, no judges with enough sense to put a stop to this trend.

As far as witnessing an execution is concerned, there are two appropriate ways to do it. One is public execution in the town square, come one, come all. The other is to have witnesses selected at random from the jury pool and summoned to appear for duty.

And the media, of course, play up the "victims' rights" angle, because it makes good copy and good sound bites and good footage—in other words it makes a

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"good show" out of the process.

Meanwhile, the media consistently fail to point out that "victims" are not lacking in rights at all if limited to their proper role in the criminal system because they have abundant causes of action they can pursue in civil courts in most cases.

There may not be a solvent defendant to respond in damages, but judgments are not meaningless. And occasionally there is something to be had in a civil case (for instance, in the O.J. Simpson matter). Next to "hate crimes legislation," this "victims' rights" idiocy is, simply, the dumbest idea in the criminal system at present. Would that more public voices would speak out to bring people back to their senses in this area.

ROBERT HASTY
Spring, TX

DON'T HAVE A COW

SAM DEALEY WROTE an interesting article, "Jim Jeffords (R—Sort of)," about Republican plans to punish Republican senator James Jeffords for opposing the Bush tax cut (May 14). Unfortunately he overstates the ease with which the Northeast Interstate Dairy Compact can be used as part of that plan.

If the White House is looking to punish Jeffords in a manner that "won't draw a significant amount of attention," the dairy compact will not qualify. It is supported by such Republican stalwarts in the House as chief deputy whip Roy Blunt and then-candidate George W. Bush's point man in Congress and Clinton impeachment manager Asa Hutchinson.

Governors who have signed compact legislation at the state level include Bush cabinet member Christine Todd Whitman and RNC chairman Jim Gilmore. The only governor to veto a state compact bill was then-governor Zell Miller, Democrat of Georgia. He's now a U.S. senator.

Indeed, the chief opponents of the compact are mostly Democrats, as Dealey hinted by mentioning senator Herb Kohl. Add in ultra-liberal Paul Wellstone, whose Minnesota dairy farmers are also put at a disadvantage by the New England compact, and representative Barney Frank, who's concerned about the impact on consumers, and you get Democrats doing what Republicans should. The GOP platform takes a position against dairy compacts, but there are multitudes of apostate Republicans on that issue.

To date, 25 states have passed legislation to join a regional dairy compact—including several Republican-controlled states. Scuttling the compact would be no mean feat—it's been extended three times by a Republican Congress with majority leader Trent Lott's acquiescence.

And what about the politics of keeping the Senate majority? Extending the compact probably was a bigger factor in the loss of Republican senator Rod Grams of Minnesota than it was a factor in saving Jeffords in the 2000 election.

Make no mistake, the dairy compact, which raises prices for consumers, incurs unnecessary costs for federal food aid programs, penalizes the nation's most efficient dairy farmers, and is of dubious constitutionality, should have gone long ago. And the Republican Congress should want to kill it (sadly, they created it five years ago).

But killing the compact is more than denying a perk to Jeffords. Like the Bush tax cut bill over which Jeffords is to be punished, it is an issue of restoring Republican principle. Godspeed to President Bush's attempt at that important goal.

DAVE JUDAY
Berryville, VA

SAVING SUDAN

ELLIOTT ABRAMS IS RIGHT about Sudan but does not go far enough ("What To Do About Sudan," May 7). Only equal or greater military counterforce will end Khartoum's monstrous violence against the south. As an old Reaganite, he ought to know this well.

Basic human decency, ethics, and sheer morality compel us to arm the south as much as possible and as soon as possible, so that it can free itself from mad, genocidal Khartoum and, if necessary, bring destruction and devastation back to the Khartoum regime. If the Egyptian government is reasonable, it can eventually be satisfied with a non-aggression pact with the south and a water cooperation agreement, both guaranteed by the United States; if it is not reasonable on this highest moral issue, then we ought not to appease it.

Incidentally, helping southern Sudan liberate itself will also weaken China's Khartoum-based beachhead in Africa. Even more important, it will also ultimately strengthen all black African nations and strengthen America's ties with black Africa.

ERIC FIELD
Denver, CO

HEWLETT ON HIGH

STANFORD UNIVERSITY may be a proper target for satire; Bill Hewlett is not (Parody, May 14). Hewlett, along with his partner Dave Packard, was a titan in the founding and growth of Silicon Valley, and in the development of Stanford from its 1950s country club status to its current place on anyone's top-ten list of world-class universities.

During his lifetime, Hewlett probably gave as much to Stanford as the $400 million his foundation recently gave to raise the quality of instruction in the humanities. Yet this humble man refused all opportunities to have his name memorialized on Stanford buildings. He quietly and calmly counseled Stanford's leaders over half a century, always keeping himself in the background.

Hewlett also must be credited with a major role in establishing "The Hewlett-Packard Way" of treating colleagues and employees in a highly ethical and humane manner, something that today's ruthless CEOs may begin to appreciate as employee loyalty vanishes.

Yes, Palo Alto and Stanford have seen massive increases in wealth, but Stanford's endowment is still half that of Harvard, and numerous cases of graduate students living in their cars for months because of on-campus housing shortages and sky-high off-campus rents means that the university continues to need financial help in building more student housing.

THOMAS J. MACDONALD
Stanford MA '65
Soquel, CA

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INTRODUCING: The Adulterer's Liberation Movement !

Asserting that "science" has "proven" there's a "gay" gene, "gay" activists insist that homosexuals are "born that way," and thanks to a highly sympathetic mass media, the message has saturated our society. Even many Christians have fallen into line, urging that Christian teaching be set aside. Although science hasn't proven any such thing, people have a way of believing what the media tell them. What's next?

The newest thing is "polyamory," the hip euphemism for polygamy. Recently *Time* magazine devoted two pages to this new movement with a profile of April Divilbiss and "the two men she calls her husbands." *Time* blessed the threesome as "an odd but functional family."

Time said that the "polies" (polyamorists) seek "to convince us that the politics of the heart doesn't have to be governed by a one-party system." So the marriage of one man and one woman is a "one-party system," and we all know that one-party systems are BAD. Therefore, out-of-the-closet adultery is, well, wonderfully democratic. *Time* might well have added that traditional marriage is — sin of sins! — "non-inclusive."

The polies believe that people aren't programmed for monogamy, and they've now got an organization with the fetchingly expansive name of Loving More. "People are biologically poly," says a Loving More leader.

"Honest" adulterers will no doubt soon be showing up at Christian churches, seeking "affirmation" and "inclusion" and eventually ordination. How will liberal Christians be able to resist? They won't. After all, your typical liberal Christian has already bought into the notion that homosexuals are born that way and that marriage can be redefined to include two guys. So why not two guys and a gal? Why not add another hue to the rainbow? The polies will insist that they were "born that way" and that church and society need to be "tolerant" of their "natural" inclination to "love more." Indeed, the polies' trump card is that adultery is a fact of life and it's better to include the "other" man and/or "other" woman in the "marriage" than to have another messy divorce. Can't you see that the polies are actually anti-divorce, pro-marriage, and pro-family?

If you don't buy it, you'll be labeled a "polyphobe." And there will be shrinks who will label polyphobia a mental disease.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," says the Commandment. But since when have biblical injunctions stopped liberal Christians? We predict that progressive Christians will embrace this latest liberation movement, as "biblical scholars" discover that the Commandment only condemns adultery-on-the-sly, not good old-fashioned, honest polyamory.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, know that everyone is a sinner and everyone was *born that way*, and that it's a betrayal of the Gospel to set aside Christian teaching so people can feel comfortable committing their favorite sins. There's a cultural war raging in church and society. Get your ammo to fight it by subscribing today!

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the weekly Standard

The Responsibility President

All presidents need a little help from their opponents, and George W. Bush's opponents in the Democratic party and the media have done him a favor. First they tried to persuade America that George Bush is an imbecile who doesn't know enough to be an effective president. But now that he's run a successful presidential campaign and performed well in his first few months, that stereotype won't work. So their fall-back cliché is that Bush and his team are tools of corporate America. Well, there may still be a few pink diaper babies who cling to the Woody Guthrie worldview that pits rapacious and polluting corporations against the common man, but most people have a more complex view of the world.

We almost feel sorry for Bush's critics, because Bush is surprisingly enigmatic. He's more conservative on some issues than many expected, but more liberal on others, such as education. He's not a triangulator; he's a neck-snapper. You watch him heading right and then—bang!—he caroms left. Moreover, Bush himself has muddied the waters by calling himself a compassionate conservative. He is compassionate, but it isn't compassion that motivates his strong stands on taxes, missile defense, Social Security, and budget discipline.

Usually, the truth about a politician is hidden in plain sight, and this turns out to be the case with George W. Bush. The Bush administration has helpfully compiled some of the president's early speeches in a pamphlet. If you read through them, you discover that there is a theme to the Bush presidency, and the theme is "responsibility."

When he ran for office, Bush said that Americans needed to ring in a new "responsibility era." In his inaugural address, he said, "America at its best is a place where personal responsibility is valued and expected. Encouraging responsibility is not a search for scapegoats; it is a call to conscience." In a tribute to Pope John Paul II, Bush declared, "The pope reminds us that while freedom defines our nation, responsibility must define our lives." And in an address in Little Rock on April 25, Bush said, "We need to usher in a period of personal responsibility, where each of us understands we have the awesome responsibility to be a good citizen. If you happen to be a mom or dad, you have the awesome responsibility of loving your children with all your heart and all your soul. If you're a fortunate citizen in this country, you have the responsibility of putting your arm around a neighbor in need and saying, 'Brother or sister, somebody loves you. Somebody cares.'"

Responsibility is also more than just a key word of the Bush administration. Even in his demeanor, Bush seems to understand that he has assumed a serious responsibility. He insists on jackets and ties in the Oval Office. He insists that meetings start on time. In short, he acts like a man who expects that everyone around him will behave responsibly.

On policy matters, he has already championed a bankruptcy reform act that demanded that people take responsibility for their debts, rather than just walk away from them. The essence of the education reform package he sent to Capitol Hill was that schools and school administrators had to be held responsible for their successes and failures. He supports Social Security privatization in part to give citizens greater responsibility for their retirement funds. He supports tax cuts to give taxpayers more control over their own earnings. This theme has surfaced even in ways that are unexpected for conservatives. He hasn't spent much time attacking Hollywood for polluting culture. When asked about the V-chip, he said, "Well, how about the off-knob?" Parents are responsible for controlling what their own kids see.

The impulse to hold people responsible extends even to unexpected areas like the current debate over energy policy and the environment. This debate has been vulgarized by Washington pundit culture, which divides energy policy into production (deemed evil) and conservation (deemed virtuous). Reporters are now running around trying to figure out which category is given greater emphasis in the Bush plan. That's inane. No business and no individual thinks this way. If you are going to devise an energy policy, of course it is going to include both production and conservation, which indeed the Bush plan does.

The distinctive thing about the Bush approach is that it tries to introduce a responsibility ethic into energy and environmental thinking. In the comments of the Bush

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administration figures, you can sense a tone of contempt for those who want to burn energy but are unwilling to face the tough choices involved in producing it—for the people who want electric cars, but not electricity generators, clean skies but not nuclear power. As Paul Gigot recently reported, the Bushies present their plan as the anti-Gray Davis approach. The California governor has tried to blame everybody but Californians for the mess there. The Bush administration has taken responsibility for the national mess that was left to it.

There is a vision of environmental responsibility in the Bush approach as well. Under the traditional environmentalist model, the government assumes responsibility for keeping the air, land, and water clean. Government agencies impose a series of minute and prescriptive regulations on industry. These regulations emphasize process over performance. They mandate certain technologies and methods that industries must adopt to meet environmental goals.

But as Lynn Scarlett (whom Bush has nominated to be assistant secretary for policy at the Interior Department) has observed, this nanny-state model is counterproductive. It is punitive and generates huge amounts of litigation and conflict. It attempts to segregate pollution into discrete categories—air, water, waste—so polluters end up shifting pollutants from one medium to another.

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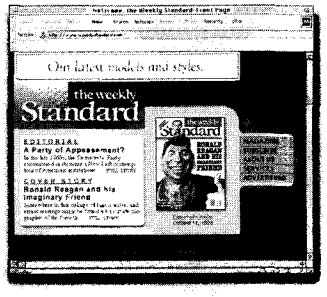

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Scarlett has called for an incentive-based rather than a punishment-based model for environmental policy. And the Bush energy and environmental proposals begin what one hopes will be a long process of shifting responsibility for pollution control away from the bureaucrats in the EPA and to the citizens who work at and manage American companies. Give them incentives to protect the environment, and let them devise the means. Let them be responsible for pollution-control innovation.

Now, it's easy to see why, during the campaign, Bush talked more about compassion than responsibility. The compassionate conservative is a more appealing figure than the responsibility conservative, who stands up and says you have to own up to the consequences of your actions. But responsibility really is central to the Bush presidency. Indeed, it might actually help the president to be more explicit about this, rather than rolling out one policy proposal after another, each seemingly unconnected to the next.

Democrats have an advantage when policies are considered separately, because their positions, taken one at a time, are often more popular, or at least sound more appealing on the evening news. But Republicans have an advantage when policies are presented thematically, because their big ideas are often more popular than Democratic ideas. Republican vision trumps Democratic wonkery.

Successful leaders promote policies that encourage a certain set of virtues. In her book *The Anatomy of Thatcherism*, the British philosopher Shirley Robin Letwin noted that Margaret Thatcher's policies all promoted "the vigorous virtues." Whether through education, tax, or housing policy, Thatcher wanted to encourage Britons to be independent, enterprising, loyal with friends, and fierce against foes. If someone were to attempt an anatomy of Bushism, they would say that so far Bush policies encourage the responsible virtues. They encourage Americans to be disciplined about their own lives, devoted to taking care of their families, and attentive to the needs of their neighbors.

This may not be a heroic vision. It certainly doesn't embody the grand national aspirations that leaders like Lincoln, TR, or Ronald Reagan had for America. But it is a decent and admirable vision. It is a vision of a bourgeois nation shaking off the last effects of a cultural wave that excused and even celebrated irresponsible behavior. It is a vision for a nation trying to repair its moral fabric in a time of affluence. It is a vision in tune with the temper of the times. And if the president were to talk about it more, it might connect his various policies into a coherent and compelling whole.

—David Brooks, for the Editors

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The Boys in the Cave

Murder by stoning, death by shrapnel: The fallacy of moral equivalence. BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

AP / Wide World Photos

Kobi Mandel, one of the two boys

ON MAY 9, two 14-year-old Israeli boys who had been playing hooky from school and hiking on the West Bank were found in a cave battered to death and mutilated. In Western news reports, this horror was not permitted to stand alone. It was routinely coupled with a recent Palestinian death. "The deaths came two days after a 4-month-old Palestinian baby girl was killed by Israeli tank fire and further roiled emotions in a week of spiraling violence that neither side seems able to control," reported the *New York Times* the next day.

The coupling was invariable. "The deaths of children have enraged both sides," reported *USA Today*. Or as CNN summarized it, "In a region seemingly numb to violence, the deaths of both Palestinian and Israeli youngsters has struck nerves on both sides of the conflict."

Both sides. Tragedy all around. The presumption of moral equivalence between these two events—and, by implication, between the two sides—is by now entirely characteristic of the Western view of the fighting. And it is entirely wrong.

Consider these two incidents.

The Israeli firings in Gaza were not, as the reader might presume, unprovoked. Israeli tanks did not gratuitously go hunting for babies in Gaza. Israelis had been attacked by mortar rounds fired from Palestinian territory. Israel was trying to silence the mortars. If, say, Zapatista guerrillas were launching mortars into San Diego, is it conceivable that the U.S. Army would not cross into Tijuana to silence them?

Clearly, what happened in Gaza was the inadvertent death of an infant in the urban warfare the Palestinians launched eight months ago. Such deaths happen in every instance of urban warfare, from the post-Normandy fighting in the villages of France in World War II to the more recent NATO bombing of Serbia.

There is a difference, an immense moral difference, between this kind of unintentional death and what happened to those two Israeli boys. It is the difference between tragedy and infamy.

From the 1972 Munich massacre of Israel's Olympic athletes to the suicide bombers of today, the world has long since grown accustomed to Palestinian terrorism. But even terrorism—the deliberate murder of innocents—pales beside what happened to those two boys. Terrorism at least has a perverse logic: It is murder as a means to some political end. What happened in that cave was murder as an end in itself.

These boys were not targets. They were not deliberately sought out by a terrorist on a mission. The most chilling part of this story is that the boys were merely chanced upon. And then were torn to pieces.

Last year, two Israeli reservists lost their way and strayed into Ramallah, where they were lynched by a frenzied mob. The Palestinians then made up the story that the Israelis were suspected undercover agents.

What could the story be this week? Fourteen-year-old boys are neither spies nor soldiers. Yet they were bludgeoned to death with stones, their blood then dabbed on the walls of the cave.

This is not war. This is not even terrorism. This is bloodlust.

It is savagery so grotesque that it might not have been believed had we not all seen that picture last fall on the cover of *Time* of the Palestinian, having just beaten to death the two Israeli reservists in Ramallah, exultantly holding out his blood-stained hands to the crowd in a gesture of triumph.

People are not born with bloodlust. They learn it. It is no mystery where the Palestinians have learned it. For years Arafat's mini-police-state has been feeding his people the rawest Jew-hatred since the Third Reich. In television, radio, newspapers, and textbooks, Arafat has created the psychic infrastructure that sustains his endless war on Israel—

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and gives us the barbarism in the cave.

"I hate the Israelis," declared Palestinian first lady Suha Arafat only two weeks ago. That hatred is in the air Palestinians breathe. A few days later, Syrian president Bashar Assad—in the presence of the pope, no less—accused the Jews of trying "to kill the principle of religions in the same mentality in which they betrayed Jesus Christ and in the same way with which they tried to kill the Prophet Muhammad." His defense minister then said on television: "When I see a Jew before me, I kill him. If every Arab did this, it would be the end of the Jews."

This is not from crackpots. This is not from the political fringes. This is from the highest level of the leadership among Israel's neighbors.

Keep that up for years, and you have raised a generation prepared—no, designed—to bathe in the blood of 14-year-old boys.

When practiced during the Cold War, moral equivalence (between East and West) was a form of moral obtuseness. As practiced today in the Middle East, it remains so. The plain fact is that Israelis are not raised on bloodlust. They are not taught to hate Arabs. On the contrary. On the 50th anniversary of independence, Israel TV produced a historical series so sympathetic to the Palestinians as to raise the question whether Israel had taken sympathy to the point of self-flagellation.

When Baruch Goldstein committed a massacre of Palestinians in Hebron, he was vilified by every major leader in Israel. His name became anathema to Jews everywhere. When the "Engineer," the terrorist behind a string of deadly suicide bombings, was assassinated, Arafat declared him a martyr and national hero.

When that child in Gaza was accidentally killed by Israeli gunfire, Prime Minister Sharon immediately expressed his regrets and apologized. What of the lynching of the two boys? Utter silence from Yasser Arafat. ♦

In DiIulio Bush Trusts

The faith-based initiative has one key supporter—he's in the Oval Office.

BY FRED BARNES

JOHN DIIULIO, the public intellectual and University of Pennsylvania professor on leave, runs President Bush's faith-based initiative. But that's not the half of it. He advises Bush on a range of social policy issues. He consults with White House speechwriters, and did so for Bush's May 20 commencement address on compassion at Notre Dame. DiIulio is called on for his expert opinion on crime legislation and gun policy. He recommended John Walters for drug czar, then suggested the post retain cabinet status, which it did. He visited with Cardinal Bevilacqua of Philadelphia on May 14 as the prelude to Bush's drop-by to see the Catholic leader. "When asked, I just put my two cents in," DiIulio explains.

DiIulio has hit it off with Bush. "They're in sync," says a White House aide, though DiIulio still calls himself a Democrat ("with a capital D"). "They're both straightforward and candid—no b.s." DiIulio doesn't have a West Wing office—he's perched in the Old Executive Office Building next door—but he sees Bush plenty: seven times in a recent two-week period. DiIulio has become pals as well with Karl Rove, Bush's all-purpose adviser. One reason is, as an aide put it, "DiIulio knows everything about everything." And he knows that the faith-based initiative could be the most important social policy innovation in years and has the potential of becoming the major legacy of Bush's presidency.

Bush knows this, too, which is why he has chosen to reemphasize the program, starting with the Notre Dame speech. "The person who has the most faith in the faith-based initiative is the president," says a White House official. Bush was upset to see the program encounter flak after its unveiling in January—without being vigorously defended, except by DiIulio. Criticism came particularly from Christian evangelicals, who had been expected to be enthusiastic, and conservatives, who fear it might metasta-

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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size into a new New Deal. Now, evangelicals are coming around. And conservatives never had much of a case. The initiative is based on the notion that social programs of the New Deal-Great Society ilk haven't worked—this is conservative dogma—while private faith-based ones run mostly by churches have. The idea is to steer some federal and local funds, plus a lot more private charitable donations, to these successful programs, so they can expand and be duplicated.

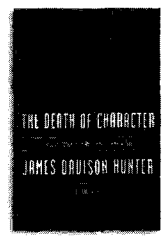
The faith-based initiative is likely to get a large boost in June when a new private agency will be established in Washington to promote the federal program and raise money for it. "Intellectual infrastructure," DiIulio calls it. The group will cooperate with the White House while remaining independent. It is to be headed by Mike Joyce, soon to step down as head of the influential Bradley Foundation in Milwaukee. At Bradley, Joyce is best known for creating and funding Milwaukee's successful school choice program. But he also underwrote numerous faith-based programs, including several associated with DiIulio. The genesis of the outside group was a memo in March to Joyce from political consultant Frank Cannon. It advocated a private entity to build support for the faith-based initiative in much the same way Grover Norquist's Americans for Tax Reform and other conservative organizations have built support for Bush's tax and spending proposals. Cannon and Republican strategist Jeffrey Bell, who guided Gary Bauer's presidential campaign in 2000, are expected to work for the new group as consultants.

The private organization will tout both parts of the faith-based project. The government part, the less important of the two, is designed to put faith-based programs of job training, drug rehab, literacy, and the like on an equal footing with secular organizations in applying for government grants. Once "charitable choice" is expanded—Congress is expected to go along with this—these faith-based programs will have a shot at roughly $65 billion in federal money annually. DiIulio says perhaps $6 billion to $10 billion may go to faith-based social service programs. Only a trivial fraction does now. Nothing, however, is guaranteed: There will be no set-asides for faith-based groups. One such set-aside was instituted at the Department of Health and Human Services under Clinton. Bush rescinded it.

"The real action is in the private and philanthropic and corporate sector," DiIulio insists. "That is a much bigger deal in the long run than anything that will happen with government. That's where the money is." And that's where the Joyce group may be especially helpful. As envisioned by the Bush administration, private donations would provide the bulk of support for faith-based programs, while the federal and local governments would help. But, as it stands, many *Fortune* 500 companies have a ban against contributions to organizations with even a remote connection to religion. That must change, says DiIulio. With prodding by Bush and help from Joyce, it may happen. "When the president speaks," DiIulio notes, "people listen. It's the kind of thing the president's interest and passion can change." At which point the coffers of the White House's Compassion Capital Fund should begin to fill up, a public-private matching scheme will be triggered, and the grass-roots faith-based groups will have another source of funds in addition to federal grants.

All this sounds great, but there's a long way to go. For now, the true believers in the initiative are located at the White House, in mayors' offices, and in the faith-based groups themselves. DiIulio doesn't expect conservatives to be excited. "It's different from the conventional conservative view," he says. "We're not going to get rid of cabinet agencies and we're not going to slash programs." On the other hand, Philadelphia's Democratic mayor John Street is as enthusiastic as Bush. Philadelphia has a number of faith-based programs, mostly run by black churches. As an academic, DiIulio studied them, and Bush, as candidate and president, has visited a few. "On this issue, John Street and George W. Bush are the same person," according to DiIulio. "You couldn't pick two people with backgrounds and life trajectories more different. God must have a good sense of humor [to bring them together]."

DiIulio returns to his home in Philadephia several nights a week, then takes the 4:05 A.M. train back to Washington. Overweight and overworked, he looks like a candidate for a heart attack. He relishes meetings with White House aides. "It's like a university faculty meeting, with two exceptions," he says. "The issues are real and the people are nice." But it's Bush's commitment to the faith-based initiative, DiIulio says, that motivates him. "Every president has a budget and other things. Not every president has a faith-and-community initiative. This is in his heart. If it weren't, I wouldn't be here. More than any other issue, it defines the man." ♦



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The Democrats' Arkansas Project

Can David Pryor's son take back his dad's seat—and the Senate—in 2002? BY KANE WEBB

Little Rock, Ark.

ON A POSTCARD PERFECT spring day, Tim Hutchinson is in a windowless conference room at a teaching hospital in Little Rock. The senior senator from Arkansas is spending part of his Easter recess at a field hearing on the shortage of nurses. The hearing wouldn't ordinarily make news, but the place is swarming with cameras and reporters. Hutchinson suddenly has two challengers.

A few days before, he got word of the first challenge to his Senate seat—from within the Republican party. An obscure legislator from northwest Arkansas named Jim Bob Duggar announced that he would run against his friend even though he (a) agreed with him on the issues and (b) probably wouldn't vote any differently were he in the Senate. Jim Bob, 35-year-old father of 12 with another on the way, is not known as an overly eager pol. Yet he wants a piece of one of the nation's premier races in 2002—one of those few races that could decide which way the 50-50 Senate falls. Jim Bob says the Lord made him do it.

Now, a more formidable opponent has stepped forward—Mark Pryor, the state's Democratic attorney general and son of David Pryor, the man Hutchinson replaced in the Senate. In the native tongue of this small, populist state, a state that was once so yellow-dog Democrat it barked, the name *Pryor* translates into votes and cash.

So I slide into one of the last empty seats in the sterile conference room as the newly vulnerable incumbent warms up the crowd—and then proceeds to win it over with an impressive combination of wit and erudition. The place is packed with tired-looking young people in white lab coats and scrubs—and the press. When the hearing is over, the locusts descend. With cameras aimed, microphones extended, Hutchinson smiles. "Before we get started," he teases, "does anybody have any questions about the nursing bill?" The reporters laugh and start asking questions about the 2002 campaign. "It's a little early, isn't it?" Hutchinson asks, knowing full well it's not.

A couple of weeks later, George W. Bush will headline his first major fund-raising event as president. In Little Rock. For Senator Tim Hutchinson. The event raises a state record, $1.06 million, more than half of what Hutchinson spent to win his seat five years ago. No, it's not early.

"It's such a unique year with a 50-50 split in the Senate," says Bill Paschall, a political consultant who managed Pryor's successful campaign for attorney general. "It changes the dynamic across the country. Races have to start early. This will be one of the top five in the country, and we'll see millions pour in."

Hutchinson says he'll have to raise between $3 million and $4 million, and he expects Pryor to raise at least as much. Add in soft money and spending by independent groups—campaign-finance reform permitting—and this might be Arkansas's first $20-million campaign, and without a Clinton in sight. This in a state where shaking hands and slapping backs and eating chicken-fried steak is still a major part of campaigning.

"Hutchinson-Pryor spending will blow everything away," says one of the state's veteran political operatives. "Many Arkansans will play both sides. In addition, the Clinton presidency has opened many new national fund-raising opportunities for Arkansas candidates like Mark Pryor. I don't know what is the most expensive race to date, but this one will put it and others to shame."

It's got marquee appeal. In one corner, you've got Pryor, a political comer with a heavyweight name and a lightweight résumé, a young man who beat cancer and bounced back to win statewide office. In the other, you've got the first Republican elected from Arkansas to the Senate since Reconstruction, an experienced legislator, a courageous voice for human rights in China, and a social conservative whose divorce and remarriage has been the most talked about unspoken issue of the campaign.

But before the main event, there's the preliminary bout.

Jim Bob Duggar sounds like the kind of Arkansas character some Hollywood scriptwriter would make up. He's a state legislator from northwest Arkansas, the fastest-growing part of the state and one of the fastest-growing regions in the country thanks largely to companies like Tyson and Wal-Mart. Northwest Arkansas is also the most conservative part of an increasingly conservative southern state. A place where the word *divorce* is still whispered, so as not to offend.

Jim Bob may be the only living politician to the right of Tim Hutchinson. And according to the *National Journal*'s congressional vote ratings, there's nobody farther to the right than the senator from Arkansas. What's more, the senator from Arkansas voted to convict the president from Arkansas. And his younger brother, Asa, prosecuted the president as one of the House managers.

So if ideology doesn't separate Tim H. from Jim Bob, what does? Well, ideology. Funny thing about

Kane Webb is assistant editorial page editor of the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette.

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Republicans in Arkansas, and especially Republicans in northwest Arkansas, they come in three varieties: conservative, more conservative, and Shi'ite Republicans (so dubbed by the governor, Mike Huckabee, a conservative Republican himself).

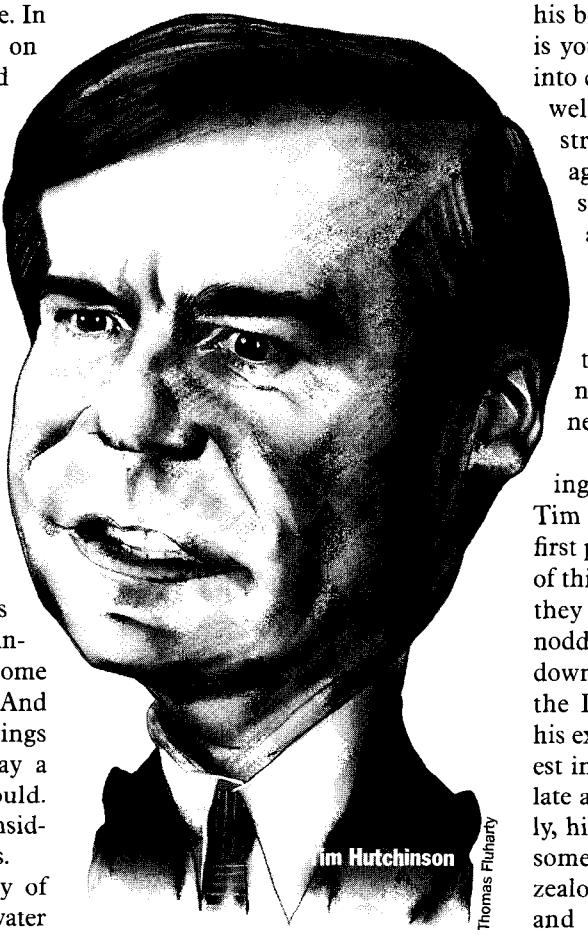
Which brings us to the tabloid portion of our show: Tim Hutchinson is divorced. Big deal? You wouldn't think so. But he remarried a former staffer, and he labors under an unfair political stereotype—that he's a social conservative who ran strictly on Family Values and hence is a hypocrite. In truth, the '96 campaign was run on national issues like Medicaid and taxes and Social Security reform. Tim Hutchinson, nicknamed No-Tax Tim by Bill Clinton, never made family values much of an issue in his race.

Still, there's no denying that Hutchinson's personal life has become an annoyance to his fledgling reelection campaign, like a low-grade fever. Indeed, when reporters rush him after his hearing at the medical center, one of the first questions is personal. And why else would Jim Bob Duggar, family man, challenge Hutchinson? Other than the God stuff, he won't say. Is God not happy with Tim Hutchinson? Well, one thing's for sure: Some of the Shi'ite Republicans aren't. And Jim Bob's entry into the race brings up the D-I-V-O-R-C-E in a way a Democratic opponent never could. The party of Bill Clinton isn't considered an authority on family values.

Meanwhile, over in the party of Hutchinson, the ghost of Lee Atwater hovers. Marty Ryall, the executive director of the state GOP, welcomed Pryor the Younger into the race by declaring that he'd "ridden his daddy's coattails about as far as he can, and if his last name wasn't Pryor, he'd be a busboy at Taco Bell." To his credit, Pryor didn't drop the chalupa. He called Ryall's comments "zesty."

Fast-food talk aside, Mark Pryor *is* running for his father's old seat, and David Pryor *is* about as beloved as any politician the state has known. In the cult of personality that is Arkansas politics, David Pryor was the ideal combination: a self-effacing southerner with charm. Voters who twice elected him governor and sent him to the Senate for three terms knew him simply as David. An Arkansas journalist once dubbed him the state's unofficial pet rock.

Just listen to what Hutchinson has to say about him: "The thing about David Pryor is, regardless of whether you agree or disagree with his politics, everybody recognizes him as a gentleman. David Pryor is one of the most likable people around."



Thomas Fluharty

Mark Pryor inherited his father's just-folks appeal. He's the kind of regular guy you could find playing basketball at the local Y, and the kind of Arkansas politician that everybody seems to know. But he's still mainly known as David's boy, and one wonders if the political-instincts gene skipped a generation. Mark Pryor served two undistinguished terms in the Arkansas House and has been on the job as the state's top lawyer for just two years. He has managed to secure some headlines for his work protecting consumers against telemarketers and also keeping the tobacco lawyers at bay as the state smoked out a settlement. But his most visible act as attorney general seems to be his decision to run for the U.S. Senate.

Accommodating as he usually is, Pryor wouldn't talk to me for this story. His chief of staff explained that his boss has a job to do, and the race is young, and he doesn't want to get into campaign issues just yet, and . . . well, okay. But it seems like a strange way to campaign. Then again, it might be the perfect strategy when your name is Pryor and you're running for statewide office in Arkansas.

Surely there will be other issues, but right now there seem to be only two: Mark Pryor's name and Tim Hutchinson's vulnerability. Oh, and money.

Back at the hearing on the nursing shortage, I'm reminded why Tim Hutchinson was elected in the first place. He's very good at this type of thing. The nurses, who looked like they were ordered to show up, are nodding along at things he says. I jot down a list of Hutchinson qualities the Democrats will underestimate: his experience, his grasp of and interest in the issues, his ability to articulate a position, his energy, and, finally, his lack of horns and tail. You set somebody up as a fire-breathing zealot, demonize him long enough, and expectations are for the very worst. Anything less is better—for Tim Hutchinson.

So I'm thinking about all this as I drive back to the office, when I notice not one but two faded bumper-stickers on cars that rumble by. PRYOR, they say, and that's all. It's hard to tell whether the stickers are from David's last race in '90 or Mark's last race in '98, and then I wonder if it really matters. In Arkansas, a name may still be more powerful than an idea. Tim Hutchinson has his hands full. ♦

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The Media's Favorite Tax

Why do we never hear that big insurance companies love the estate tax? BY JOHN BERLAU

NEXT TO BIG TOBACCO and the NRA, insurance companies top the media's list of villains. So if large life insurance companies were lobbying all-out against President Bush's phaseout of the estate tax—a measure that would free thousands of Americans from having to buy expensive policies—you'd expect the press to be all over the story. Yet the well-financed opposition to the phaseout is going unreported.

In much press and television coverage, proponents of the 11-year phaseout—passed by the House in April and likely to be passed by the Senate this week—are portrayed as multimillionaires selfishly bent on protecting their holdings. The interests of those who want to keep the tax are seldom mentioned.

Take a January 29 front-page *New York Times* story by David Cay Johnston (recent winner of a Pulitzer prize for reporting on tax loopholes). Johnston quoted "experts" warning that Bush's plan to repeal the estate tax would reduce charitable giving and enable the rich to avoid other taxes. But the experts were hardly neutral. They were estate planners and other professionals who make money helping people cope with the tax and its complexities.

In a story that runs nearly 40 paragraphs, only one sentence hints at possible vested interests: A lawyer is paraphrased to the effect that "arranging new ways for the wealthy to capitalize on the changes would become a major business for lawyers like him, who now concentrate on estate tax planning." Johnston says he didn't think mentioning the financial interests of estate tax supporters was that important. "The best sources on how the tax laws work in the real world are tax lawyers, whose vested interest is obvious to anyone," he wrote in an e-mail. Not so the financial interests of estate tax foes: His lead paragraph notes that repeal would "save the wealthiest 2 percent of Americans about $236 billion over the next decade."

Like Johnston, the media generally ignore the wealthy Americans who earn their living off the tax. "The estate tax has spawned a really significant industry that thrives on it," says Harold Apolinsky, an estate tax lawyer at the Birmingham, Alabama, firm of Sirote & Permutt. One of the main beneficiaries is the life insurance industry. The estate tax hits hardest families who are property rich and cash poor. When parents die, their children are expected to pay a tax of up to 55 percent on the value of the family farm or business.

Life insurance policies help such heirs hold onto their assets by providing liquidity to pay the tax and sheltering some items from taxation. Often, such policies are complicated and costly. "People get older, businesses get bigger, and the premiums get larger for new policies," says Apolinsky. Repeal of the estate tax would largely eliminate this life insurance market. Some segments of the industry aren't taking their potential loss of customers lying down.

In a February letter to members of the Association for Advanced Life Underwriting (AALU), the association's president, Sidney Friedman, expresses his concern: "Since last year,

John Berlau is a writer for Insight *magazine.*

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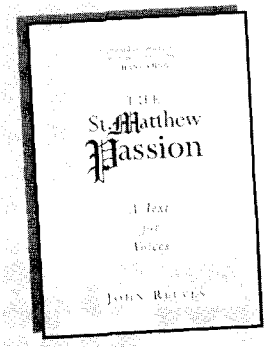
AALU has been proactively working on your behalf on the estate tax issue," Friedman wrote. The group "is spending all necessary resources in order to reach the most favorable outcome possible."

AALU and the National Association of Insurance and Financial Advisers have formed and funded a coalition called Americans for Sensible Estate Tax Solutions (ASSETS), which opposes repeal and instead backs "reform" of the estate tax. Edelman Public Relations is handling publicity, and former Wyoming senator Alan Simpson, who is close to Vice President Cheney and former president Bush, is on board as counsel.

ASSETS pushes reforms along the lines of a House bill sponsored by New York Democrat Charlie Rangel and a Senate bill sponsored by Mississippi Republican Thad Cochran and North Dakota Democrat Kent Conrad. These would raise the amount exempt from the estate tax (from $675,000 to $2 million in 2006, in the Senate bill). Eric Hoffman, executive director of the anti-repeal coalition, explains that the insurance groups prefer reform because "they want to help their members and their members' clients lock in certainty of relief so they can help plan estates." Hoffman and ASSETS members often state that raising the exemption would repeal the estate tax for 99 percent of Americans.

But for how long? The reform bills do not allow for inflation or economic growth pushing people into higher brackets. "In the '90s, we have all this explosive growth, and the $600,000 [exemption set in 1981] becomes basically meaningless," says Dan Blankenburg of the National Federation of Independent Business. Besides, since people cannot foresee what their estate will be worth when they die, they would still try to protect their assets with strategies such as buying life insurance. While this would be a boon to the insurance industry, many economists deplore it. "By reducing the amount of capital available in the economy, estate taxes ultimately reduce the amount of wealth that ends up in the hands of workers," concluded a 1998 study by Congress's Joint Economic Committee. Such arguments may have convinced 58 House Democrats to join most Republicans in backing the estate tax phaseout.

Even some who work in the estate tax industry are ready to see the tax go. "There will be some disruption, but as a practical matter, no business ever stays the same," says estate lawyer Apolinsky, who also holds a paid position as general counsel to the anti-estate tax American Family Business Institute. "I would be totally shocked if I found oncologists opposed to finding cures for cancer," he adds. "It just wouldn't be seemly." ♦



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Death by Therapy

The New Age counselors who killed a little girl —and the "child welfare" regime that enabled them.

By Christopher Caldwell

The death of 10-year-old Candace Newmaker—who was asphyxiated last year during a bizarre New Age therapy for a dubious disorder—had all the ingredients of an O.J. Simpson-esque *cause célèbre*. It's not just that Candace was a particularly charming girl, although she appears to have been. It's also that her therapists-cum-captors, throughout the Denver trial that ended in their conviction on April 20, showed every outward sign of unrepentant evil. They even videotaped the entire hour over which Candace was gruesomely killed.

AP/Wide World Photos

Candace Newmaker

Yet the *New York Times* gave the case only a brief story in the waning days of the trial, the *Washington Post* honored the guilty verdict with just a wire-service snippet deep inside the paper, and the networks were largely silent. Peggy Lowe's excellent reporting on the case in the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* never got the national attention it deserved. Candace Newmaker's story is a grisly one, but the media's inability to make sense of it may have another explanation—that it tells ordinary Americans something they don't want to hear about the plight of a lot of their own children.

Candace Newmaker (born Candace Elmore) was removed by social service authorities from her home in Lincoln County, North Carolina, in 1995. She was given up for adoption (at age 6) to an unmarried Durham heiress and aspiring single mother named Jeane Newmaker, who lives in a five-bedroom house and works as a nurse practitioner. Newmaker showered her daughter with gifts and affection, but was troubled to find the two weren't "bonding." Candace continued to miss her siblings Michael and Chelsea and (go figure!) her mother. She had a temper. She knocked down a bookcase. Jeane Newmaker claims she killed her goldfish.

Jeane started surfing the Internet for information on Candace's "problem." She discovered ATTACh, the Association for Treatment and Training in the Attachment of Children. She attended one of their conventions in Alexandria, Virginia. There she discovered "reactive attachment disorder," or RAD, the clinical name for a child's inability to bond with new parents. It may not surprise the reader to hear that a therapist who'd never met Candace (then at home in North Carolina) diagnosed her with RAD *in absentia*.

Since by definition "attachment" involves two people, there's something odd about the way reactive attachment disorder is identified as an illness of only one of them—the one who's not paying the bills. But leave that aside. In Candace Newmaker's case, the oddest thing about her reactive attachment disorder is that it had no symptoms discernible to anyone except her adoptive mother.

"She wasn't a behavior problem at all," says Candace's first-grade teacher. Others note that she was fond of animals and particularly kind to special-ed students. The *Los Angeles Times* interviewed the father of her best friend, who says not only that he "never saw the two girls argue," but also that he "never saw any indications of a problem." The most hard-line view of Candace comes from an attention-deficit-disorder specialist who compared Candace's behavior to "having the average 18-year-old adolescent in your house." Candace's biggest problem seemed to be missing her birth family. Kids at school taunted her for constantly drawing pictures of Michael and Chelsea, the brother and sister they assumed were figments of her imagination.

Defenders of the RAD concept (there are many of them, and they have grown in number since the wave of adoptions of troubled Eastern European children that followed the fall of the Berlin Wall) are quick to say that

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that's exactly the problem. Charm and self-control are the *symptoms* of secret obstreperousness. Most defenses of RAD take the form of "Outwardly, things appeared fine . . . but behind closed doors . . ."

ATTACh referred Jeane Newmaker to 54-year-old Connell Watkins, whose most advanced degree was a master's in social work from Denver University. Watkins's practice, like those of a half-dozen other radical attachment-disorder therapists, was based in Evergreen, Colorado. It was there, in the 1970s, that psychiatrist Foster Cline founded "rage reduction therapy"—one of those euphemisms, like "re-education," that bundle together several kinds of sadism that would get a person arrested were they inflicted on a non-consenting adult. Cline's methods crossed the line in any case. Cline stopped practicing in 1988 after a gutsy 11-year-old ran away following a session and described to authorities the abuse he had been made to undergo. Cline settled in court with the state of Colorado and moved to Idaho. Many of his protégés stopped using Cline's therapies at that point. Watkins was the most prominent of his disciples to press on with them.

Newmaker agreed to pay Watkins $7,000 for a two-week course of treatment. A major part of it was the "holding therapy" invented by Cline. This involves touching the child in intimate ways in order to render him vulnerable and break his sense of mastery over his environment. As Watkins described it, "I establish that I am in control and that I am the boss at that time." And how. According to a wire report, during one 160-minute session in the last week of her life, Candace "had her face grabbed 90 times, was shaken or bounced 309 times . . . was shouted at 65 times, [and] was threatened 49 times with such consequences as being abandoned or institutionalized." Watkins threatened to shave Candace's head and tattoo it, and asked her if she had ever seen her (natural) mother have sex. Since Candace proved (to use Watkins's word) "resistive," Watkins and her assistant resorted to insults: "You act pretty stupid. . . . You're a liar and you lie all the time." All such therapies take not just planning but adult muscle. As Cline himself explained to a journalist, "You have to use some sort of strength to get the kids to allow touch." One notices the line blurring between therapy and rape.

It blurred further the day before Candace died, when Watkins moved on to "compression therapy." Jeane Newmaker lay on top of Candace and, on Watkins's instructions, licked her face. That Candace submitted to this was thought a breakthrough. Watkins decided to "build on" her supposed receptivity, and attempt a "rebirthing" session the next day. By simulating for Candace a trip through the birth canal, therapists would symbolically "deliver" her to Jeane Newmaker, and erase the inconvenient *natural* birth Candace had gone through ten years before. Watkins had been taught the method by the California-licensed New Age marriage therapist Douglas Gosney during a barnstorming tour he made through Evergreen in 1999. Prosecutors alleged that Gosney had been fired from a hospital for "inappropriate contact with a patient," and that he claims to be able to remember his own birth. Gosney would become one of Watkins's most vocal public defenders during her trial.

This rebirthing took even more planning and muscle than the usual Watkins therapies. Watkins not only needed her 40-year-old assistant Julie Ponder (who stood trial alongside her this spring). She also enlisted for the occasion two other helpers—one male, one female. Candace's "rebirthing" involved wrapping her tightly in a navy flannel blanket, covering her with eight cushions, and having the four adults—who weighed a total of 673 pounds—sit on the 70-pound girl, bounce on her, and squeeze her to "simulate contractions," while taunting Candace about not "wanting" to be born enough. Her adoptive mother witnessed the whole thing.

So proud was Watkins of her novel treatment that she videotaped it from start to finish. This is not the place to describe fully the gruesome contents of the tape. It was shown to the jury in its entirety. (A transcript is available at the *Rocky Mountain News* website under "Candace's Final Hour.") Whereas none of Gosney's "rebirthings" had lasted more than six minutes, Candace's went on for seventy. Things started going wrong almost immediately. Ten minutes into the procedure, Candace was begging to be let out, warning that she was dying, that she couldn't breathe. But that was just a symptom of her sickness, part of her "denial." As one Evergreen attachment guru approvingly explained to the *Los Angeles Times*, "You need to use 'paradoxical intention.' When they say, 'I'm going to die' you say, 'Go ahead and die.' That way, you defuse the oppositional element. If you respond to it, you buy into it."

That's exactly the way Watkins and Ponder saw things. Sixteen minutes in, after her sobs and her pleas to be released have been ignored, Candace says, "You mean, like you want me to die for real?"

Ponder says: "Uh huh."

"Die right now and go to heaven?"

"Go ahead and die right now," Ponder replies. "For real. For real." At one point Ponder was even bracing her feet against a fireplace in order to heave more force into her.

Among the most poignant elements in the video are the deference and exquisite good manners that this supposedly rude and cantankerous child shows throughout. She always says please, and frequently says sorry. At twelve

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minutes in: "Please quit pushing on me." At fourteen minutes: "OK, I'm dying. I'm sorry." At nineteen minutes: "Please, you said you would give me some oxygen." By contrast, the intimidation of her therapists is blunt and scatological. At twenty-three minutes, Watkins says, "Stay there with the poop and vomit." At forty minutes Ponder says, "She's stuck there in her own puke and poop."

That was when Candace spoke her last word ("No"), at which point Ponder went into a nyah-nyah taunt—*"Quitter, quitter, quitter, quitter! Quit, quit, quit, quit. She's a quitter!"* A half-hour later they unwrapped the blankets. Candace was dead.

On April 20, a jury deliberated five hours before pronouncing Watkins and Ponder guilty on all counts. The main charge, on which the two will be sentenced in June, was "reckless child abuse resulting in death," which carries a penalty of 16 to 48 years imprisonment. Lesser charges against Watkins include criminal impersonation, obtaining a signature by deception, and unlawful practice of psychotherapy.

Connell Watkins

Julie Ponder

SP : Wide World Photos

Both defendants were wholly emotionless throughout the trial. As one juror put it, "I was waiting for at least any glimpse of remorse or sorrow or regret that they had ignored Candace, and I was quite shocked that that just never happened." Watkins and Ponder were not only remorseless but defiant. Said Watkins, "It could look to the superficial observer of the tape that she couldn't breathe. I knew she could." This was part of a strategy to confuse jurors about what asphyxia *is*. The defense wanted to focus on the question of whether the blanket had been porous enough to breathe through, and leave to one side the question whether a 70-pound girl's lungs could open under the 673-pound weight of four bouncing adults.

In the end, Watkins's lawyers tried to claim Candace's death had had nothing to do with the "treatment" whatsoever. After all, no vomit was found in Candace's lungs. So she could have had a congenital heart condition! She could have died from one of the three medications she had been placed on for her RAD. She could have died from having stopped those medications. Or something. As Watkins put it, "Somehow the 10-year-old inexplicably stopped breathing." Watkins sent this observation to an Internet site set up by her defenders in the attachment-therapy profession. During the trial, Watkins contributed postings in which she warned that a wave of Columbine High School incidents and similar depredations awaited society if she and her colleagues were hindered from bringing future sociopaths like Candace to heel.

Deciding whom to blame for Candace Newmaker's death is harder than it looks. The quack Watkins is easily enough taken care of. She, personally, will be put away for a long time, and her therapies will be, too, at least in Colorado. In the aftermath of the trial, the state's governor Bill Owens signed "Candace's Law," to ban rebirthing therapy. No one will regret this bit of political posturing. But the next time such a thing happens, the therapy involved will be slightly different. Those who claim it's impossible to police the fringes of medicine are correct.

It's impossible, because this is really not a medical case at all. Watkins's treatments have less in common with medicine and therapy than they do with cult rituals. In this respect, Candace Newmaker was like the children carried off to Jonestown. But cults aren't the only parallel. There is sadism involved. One has the sense that both Watkins and Ponder were actually getting a perverted thrill out of their treatment of Candace Newmaker, and to procure that thrill they had first to dehumanize their "patient." Anyone who has read the literature of twentieth-century totalitarianism will find political parallels.

Candace Newmaker was killed by something that goes much deeper than medical malpractice or rough trade or ideology—by a mentality. Anyone can see the monstrous metaphysical arrogance in Watkins's treatment. If Watkins took seriously the idea that she was going to give "birth" to Candace—and there is every indication that she did—she had no sense that what she was squashing beneath those pillows was *already* a human being.

The person who understood best what had been done to Candace was her own birth mother, Angela Elmore, who raged at Jeane Newmaker for putting the child in that position. "You only have one birth," said Elmore. "I'm her mama. What I did was God's will. What [Jeane] did was cuckoo. She played God with my child."

Certainly Newmaker's role is a haunting aspect of the case. She acted not like a mother but an outraged consumer. She seems to have thought that when she adopted Candace she had a right to a "normal" parent-child relationship. When Candace's natural bond with the mother she'd known for her first six years persisted, Newmaker took Candace to Evergreen to be "cured" of it. Newmaker will stand trial on charges of criminally negligent child

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abuse in September (and Brita St. Clair and Jack McDaniel, the two assistants who helped squash Candace, will face the same charges as Watkins and Ponder).

Jeane Newmaker's terrible parental judgment should make us ask whether placing children in single-parent households is generally wise. Two heads being better than one, a simple but big problem with single parenthood is that it doesn't provide for built-in second (parenting) opinions. One parent's mistaking his child's temper for a "problem" requiring treatment may happen from time to time, but it's much less likely that *two* parents will be thus deluded.

We can also blame the it-takes-a-village zeal with which North Carolina's authorities, acting in the name of the public, examine family dynamics, declare parents unsuitable, and separate children from their parents forever. North Carolina's practice in this regard is chilling in a way that goes beyond merely raiding poor families for upper-middle-class adoption prospects. It is Orwellian, and wholly unaccountable. Candace's early home life may have been dysfunctional enough to imperil her. But we can't know, because the never-look-back Lincoln County child welfare authorities who ordered her removed will neither speak to the press about the criteria they used to do so, nor unseal any of their records.

No one outside of North Carolina's family-welfare bureaucracy knows where Candace's siblings Michael and Chelsea are now. Certainly not their mother, Angela Elmore, for under the state's laws, once a child is removed from a home, all parental rights cease. And the state will go to any lengths to make sure they're never reasserted. Candace's very birth was rendered a nullity, through a bit of Zhdanovite airbrushing of the records: Upon Jeane Newmaker's adoption of Candace, the state of North Carolina issued a new—and fraudulent—birth certificate, listing the girl's birthplace as Durham and her name as Newmaker. Her original certificate, which records her birth in Lincolnton on November 19, 1989, and her name as Elmore, has been removed from the records. North Carolina's social workers rebirthed Candace before Connell Watkins did.

In keeping with this official obliteration of Candace Elmore, the state of North Carolina never told Angela Elmore of her own daughter's fate. She found out from two journalists who showed up one morning at the door to her trailer home. At that point, Candace had been dead for five months. ♦

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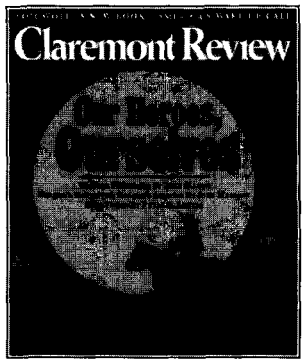

What do conservatives need a book review for? It's a format that conservatives have not exploited. We think that conservatives need, persistently and farsightedly, to wage the battle of ideas at the level of ideas rather than merely at the level of particular policies, important as these are. Every month important conservative books and arguments languish, liberal tomes escape censure, and intelligent works of biography, history, politics, and literature remain unexamined. We aim to change that.

At the same time, we will reflect on current contentions and help reawaken in American politics, and especially in American conservatism, a forthright devotion to the Constitution and the principles of our political tradition. We believe this to be essential if conservatism is to understand its own majestic purposes, as well as to become a more effective political force.

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The Ethics of Organ Donation

Mere boosterism won't be enough to encourage this ultimate charitable act.

By Wesley J. Smith

Support for organ donation in this country is, as the cliché has it, a mile wide and an inch deep. This is understandable. Most people favor the concept of giving "the gift of life" in the abstract. But when it comes to permitting their own loved ones' body parts to be "harvested" for transplantation—a decision families must make amid the shock and grief of a death—some shrink from the choice. Moreover, although transplant medicine has been practiced ethically now for many years, a large segment of the population remains wary of the entire enterprise, worrying that people's organs may be deemed more valuable than their lives should they suffer a catastrophic illness or injury.

This reluctance to donate organs is costing lives. In the 1990s, the number of patients on waiting lists for organs grew five times as fast as the number of transplant operations. As of April 17, 2001, there were 75,863 people waiting to receive organs, while in all of 2000, there were only 22,827 transplant surgeries. More than 5,500 Americans died last year while on waiting lists.

In response, Tommy Thompson, in one of his first policy initiatives as secretary of health and human services, is attempting to encourage organ donations. A cornerstone of the effort will be a public relations campaign called "Workplace Partnership for Life," helping businesses promote donation among their employees. Another facet of the effort is the creation of a national donor registry, which will enable transplant centers to remove organs from dead persons who are registered donors without waiting for their families' permission.

This is an important undertaking. But unless Secretary Thompson can shore up the public's confidence in the entire organ-donation enterprise, all of his good efforts will be for naught.

Public acceptance of organ transplantation rests on what is known as the "dead-donor rule": the promise that vital, non-paired organs will never be taken from living patients. A necessary adjunct to the dead-donor rule is what I call the "'do not kill' corollary"—that is, patients will not be killed for their organs.

This gets us into the issue of defining death. For the last 30 years, the primary criterion used to establish the death of potential organ donors has been neurological—namely, the irreversible cessation of brain function commonly called "brain death." But there is a growing concern that a person declared brain dead may not *really* be dead after all. Ironically, assaults on the concept of brain death have come from several usually adversarial perspectives. First, some in the pro-life movement who adhere to the sanctity of life ethic, and some in the African-American community with ugly memories of Tuskegee, believe that brain death is too liberal a standard, causing organs to be procured from patients who are actually still alive. Second, many secular bioethicists, who generally eschew the sanctity of life in favor of "quality of life," assert that brain death is a subterfuge for killing living patients; but, far from viewing this as anathema, these bioethicists are glad to see confidence in the brain death standard undermined, as they hope to open the door to the removal of vital organs from unquestionably living people.

The primary confusion over brain death arises from the fact that even after death is diagnosed using neurological criteria—after the brain in all its parts has irreversibly ceased functioning *as a brain*—some body functions can be kept going *artificially*. Through the application of advanced technology, hearts can be kept beating, lungs can be made to take in oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, intestines can be caused to digest food and water supplied through a tube, and, in rare cases, wombs have even con-

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tinued to gestate. Such functions, while they cannot be restored, can be prolonged with the application of respirators and other technical means for days; occasionally even longer than a week. That being so, ask some skeptics, how can the person be dead?

It is important to reiterate, then, that no life exists if the entire brain has ceased functioning. Even the Catholic Church accepts this standard. A person accurately diagnosed as dead using neurological criteria has no brain stem reflexes. His pupils do not dilate or contract even in response to bright light. The gagging response is utterly absent, even when a tube is inserted through the mouth into the pharynx. But for the application of medical technology, he could not breathe. His heart could not beat. Even when the application of technology keeps these functions going, the body almost always begins to decay within days. One prominent neurologist I interviewed compared a brain-dead body to a decapitated body: Even if some of its functions were prolonged by high-tech medical means—even if its heart were artificially kept beating—nobody would argue that a headless body was a living person.

But if the definition of brain death is clear, its application in practice can be problematic. Several prominent neurologists worry that brain death is sometimes inaccurately diagnosed. As Dr. Jeffrey I. Frank told me in 1999, "Most doctors in the role of diagnosing brain death are thoughtful and responsible, but there are also some who aren't adequately trained, while others don't fully appreciate the tremendous responsibility placed on us by the public to make sure that when we say someone is dead, they are absolutely dead. I have even been at medical seminars in which some doctors have stated their willingness to declare someone dead because 'for all practical purposes' the patient's life was over and they would soon die anyway."

Some doctors have stated their willingness to declare someone dead because "for all practical purposes" the patient's life was over and they would soon die anyway. "For all practical purposes" isn't good enough.

"For all practical purposes" isn't good enough. Sloppy or inaccurate diagnoses of brain death undermine confidence in organ transplantation. Secretary Thompson will need to address this issue forthrightly if he is to succeed in increasing the supply of donated organs. One way he could do so is by creating national brain-death diagnosis protocols binding on all who use the proposed national donor registry. Then people could enter their names in the national organ donor registry confident that their organs would be procured only after they were declared dead under stringent, reliable, and uniform diagnostic guidelines.

The greater long-term threat to the moral health of transplant medicine comes from the attempt by certain influential bioethicists and transplant professionals to evade the dead-donor rule by redefining death to include persistent unconsciousness—a state in which at least part of the brain remains functioning, causing the body to retain reflexes and undergo sleep and wake cycles. Indeed, a persistently unconscious person may be able to breathe on his own and require only feeding and hydration to remain alive. To justify this proposal, they argue that human life in and of itself is not morally meaningful. What matters is reason. Patients deemed incapable of regaining cognition, they argue, should be declared dead so that their organs can be removed.

This drive to redefine death comes from some of the world's most renowned bioethicists. For example, in 1997, representatives of the International Forum for Transplant Ethics published an article in the British medical journal the *Lancet* in which they argued:

> If the legal definition of death were to be changed to include comprehensive irreversible loss of higher brain function, it would be possible to take the life of a patient (or more accurately to stop the heart, since the patient would be defined as dead) by a 'lethal' injection and then remove the organs needed for transplantation, subject to the usual criteria for consent.

Along the same lines, Robert Veatch, a bioethics pioneer now at Georgetown University, has written, "It seems obvious that one should not bury respiring cadavers, but the reason may not be because they are not dead." Ignoring the difference between a brain-dead body that is artificially kept breathing and a person breathing on his own, Veatch continues, "It is simply unaesthetic to bury someone while still breathing, either mechanically or spontaneously, . . . but this cannot be taken to establish that we believe respiring patients are still alive." Such thinking is not idiosyncratic. A 1996 survey of neurologists and nursing home medical directors published in the *New York Times* found that 54 percent of medical directors and 44 percent of neurologists believed that patients diagnosed as persistently unconscious should be "considered dead."

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To make matters worse, the diagnosis of persistent unconsciousness is notoriously unreliable, this neurological condition being easily confused with others such as the "locked in" syndrome, in which the patient is awake and aware but unable to communicate. Moreover, unlike people accurately diagnosed as brain dead, "permanently" unconscious patients sometimes wake up. (If a diagnosis of permanent unconsciousness became synonymous with death, would we say patients who recovered had been resurrected?)

Furthermore, the utilitarian zeal of some bioethicists has led them to urge that terminally ill or disabled patients who are not cognitively impaired, as well as those who die by assisted suicide, be encouraged to donate their organs. Two of the most prominent ethicists in transplant medicine, psychiatrist Stuart Youngner and physician Robert M. Arnold, imagined how a system of organ procurement might accommodate such donors in an article published in 1993 in the influential *Kennedy Institute of Ethics Journal*:

> A ventilator-dependent ALS patient could request that life support be removed at 5:00 P.M., but that at 9:00 A.M. the same day he be taken to the operating room, put under general anesthesia, and his kidneys, liver, and pancreas removed. Bleeding vessels would be tied off or cauterized. The patient's heart would not be removed and would continue to beat throughout surgery, perfusing the other organs with warm, oxygen- and nutrient-rich blood until they were removed. The heart would stop, and the patient would be pronounced dead after the ventilator was removed at 5:00 P.M., according to plan, and long before the patient could die from renal, hepatic, or pancreatic failure.

Should such science-fiction scenarios ever be permitted in actual medical practice, the number of registered organ donors would drop like a crowbar thrown off a bridge.

To permit death to be transformed from a biological event into a social construct so that cognitively disabled people could be killed for their organs would be to gut the dead-donor rule while maintaining its empty husk for public relations purposes. But no one would be fooled. Rather than rush to make their organs available for transplantation, most people would tear up their donor cards.

A sound organ-donation policy, then, will require Secretary Thompson to support the dead-donor rule and the "do not kill" corollary firmly and publicly. Accordingly, he should send a clarion message to the transplantation and bioethics communities: The dead-donor rule is sacrosanct. Redefining death or procuring vital organs from living people or assisted-suicide victims will never be allowed.

A third potential threat to public confidence in organ donation comes from transplant protocols that are quietly being implemented by the nation's transplant centers to govern the procurement of organs from certain non-brain-dead patients. The potential for misunderstanding in this area of transplant medicine is explosive.

Consider the public furor that followed the airing in 1997 of a misleading *60 Minutes* report that the Cleveland Clinic planned to permit vital organs to be harvested from living patients. Under the proposed "non-heart-beating cadaver" donor protocol, it would have been permissible to plan the deaths of catastrophically brain-injured patients surviving on life support so as to harvest their organs after their demise. The patient/donor would be prepared for surgery, and family members allowed their final goodbyes. Then the patient would be moved into an operating room. After the removal of life support but before death, non-therapeutic drugs would be administered, solely to protect the viability of the organs. If all went as planned, the patient would quickly cease breathing and go into cardiac arrest. Two minutes later, the patient would be declared dead, and organ-removal would begin. If the patient did not stop breathing within an hour, the organ-procurement surgery would be cancelled, and the patient would never again be permitted to be an organ donor.

The Cleveland Clinic never implemented the protocol because of the public furor generated by the *60 Minutes* report. But largely unbeknownst to the public, an even more liberal non-heart-beating cadaver donor policy called the Pittsburgh Protocol is already in operation at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center and in some other organ centers around the country.

The Pittsburgh Protocol has been robustly debated in bioethical and medical journals and in the academy. But this crucial discussion needs to be brought out of the ivory tower and into the public square. Several urgent questions must be settled to the public's satisfaction: Is a patient whose heart has ceased beating for only two minutes really dead? Is it ethical to inject drugs and perform other invasive interventions without therapeutic value on a dying patient solely to preserve his organs? Do dying patients who are organ donors receive poorer end-of-life care and less-aggressive pain control than other dying patients? Finally, are the Pittsburgh Protocol's donor eligibility criteria too loose?

This last is an especially sensitive issue. The Pittsburgh Protocol's eligibility standards permit disabled people who are not terminally ill or catastrophically brain injured to become organ donors if they depend on a ventilator for survival. The protocol thus may unintentional-

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ly endanger the lives of depressed, disabled patients who may consider their organs of greater value to the world than their own lives. Diane Coleman, founder of the disability rights organization Not Dead Yet, worries that policies such as the Pittsburgh Protocol could lead to growing pressure on disabled people to "pull the plug." She says, "Allowing disabled people to believe they are being altruistic by consenting to organ donation will only increase the pressure on disabled people to choose to die in the belief that by giving up their organs their lives can have some meaning. The danger is especially acute for people who are newly disabled, many of whom believe falsely that their lives can never again be worth living."

According to optimistic estimates, non-heart-beating cadaver organ donations could raise by 40 percent the number of kidneys available for transplant—producing 3,440 extra kidneys per year. If any such goal is to be achieved, however, the public's confidence in the system will have to be made ironclad. This will require publicly debated, uniform national procurement policies that are based on strict adherence to the sanctity/equality of life ethic and the "do no harm" principle enshrined in the Hippocratic oath. To approach these issues from any other perspective would be to invite what bioethics critics Renee Fox and Nicholas A. Christakis have called the "objectification of the nearly dead or newly dead," threatening the viability of the entire organ donation system.

Secretary Thompson is right to seek to increase the number of organ donations. But mere boosterism, cheerleading, or business/government partnerships are inadequate to the task. The Department of Health and Human Services must act unequivocally to ensure that a donor's vital organs can be removed only when the donor is truly dead. And it must work assiduously to assure the general public that organ procurement protocols are ethically sound. Otherwise, the secretary's effort is doomed to failure. ♦

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"We purchased *How to Fight Cancer and Win*, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought *How to Fight Cancer and Win* and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

"I can't find adequate words to describe my appreciation of your work in providing *How to Fight Cancer and Win*. You had to do an enormous amount of research to bring this vast and most important knowledge to your readers.

My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

"In my 55 years as a Country Family Physician, I have never read a more 'down to earth,' practical resume of cancer prevention and treatments, than in this book. It needs to be studied worldwide for the prevention of cancer by all researchers who are looking for a cure."

—Edward S.,MD

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across *How to fight Cancer and Win*. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budgwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

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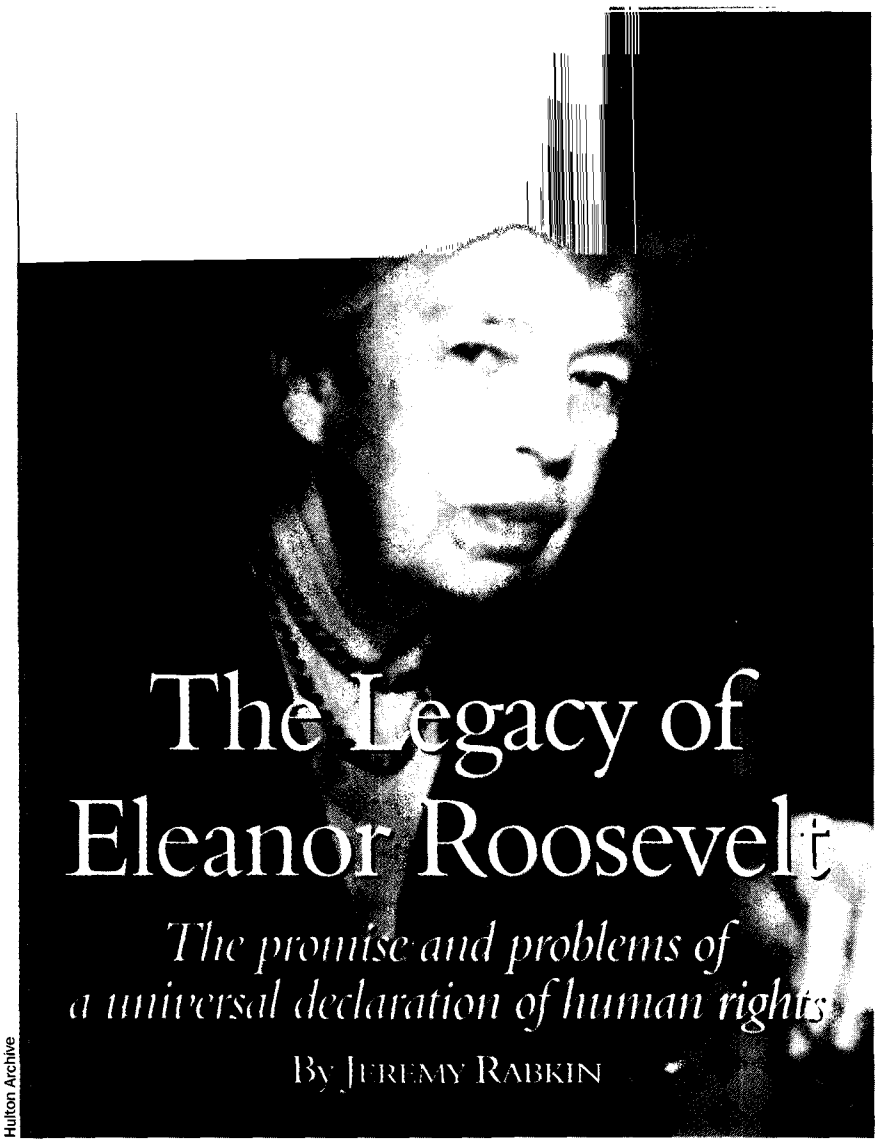

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The Legacy of Eleanor Roosevelt

The promise and problems of a universal declaration of human rights

By Jeremy Rabkin

Mary Ann Glendon holds a distinguished chair at Harvard Law School. Yet she has published such eloquent protests against the moral arrogance of judges and lawyers as *Rights Talk* and *A Nation Under Lawyers*. She served as the Vatican's representative to the U.N.'s major international conference on women in 1995. Then, she published a set of sober cautions about feminist bias and partisan dogmatism in human-rights advocacy.

Glendon's latest book, *A World Made New: Eleanor Roosevelt and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, might be understood as an effort to combine her interests—rescuing human-rights talk from its contemporary abuses by redirecting attention to its nobler origins. Among other things, Glendon offers a group portrait of the diplomats who were, in effect, the founders of international human-rights protection. Her book's chief merit is to vindicate the seriousness and sincerity of these founders, showing how they drafted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and secured its adoption by the United Nations in 1948.

A World Made New
Eleanor Roosevelt and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights
by Mary Ann Glendon
Random House, 333 pp., $25.95

But *A World Made New* has a corresponding defect. By focusing so closely on the founders and their ideals, it avoids submitting those ideals to the lessons of subsequent experience. In effect, Glendon asks us to judge these founders without much scrutiny of what they actually founded. In this way, Glendon's well-meaning book preserves many of the evasions or (as it seems to me) sheer delusions of the political leaders she writes about.

By chronicling the drafting of the Universal Declaration, Glendon gives drama and immediacy to a pivotal moment in international diplomacy. Glendon has studied memoirs and letters of the participants as well as official records, and she has uncovered Soviet records from the period. She weaves these new details into a fascinating and well-paced account.

We learn, for example, that Stalin's representatives at the United Nations were never sure what stance to take toward the Universal Declaration on Human Rights. Lacking clear instructions from Moscow, Communist delegates generally contented themselves with sniping from the sidelines. In the end, they could not vote in favor of the Declaration but did not feel they could vote against it, either. They simply abstained—as did South Africa, Saudi Arabia, and a few other states.

Thus, Glendon shows, it was not a desire to accommodate the Soviets that led the framers of the Declaration to include broadly worded guarantees of economic and welfare entitlements. These guarantees were already contained in the working documents from which the Declaration was honed. The initial staff report was prepared by John Humphrey, a Canadian law professor who privately described himself as a "socialist"—though not a particularly doctrinaire one. (He confided to his diary that "socialism is a technique and nothing more. What we need is something like the Christian morality without the tommyrot.")

Compared with most other participants, Eleanor Roosevelt, the leading American representative to the Human Rights Commission, comes across in Glendon's account as much more down to earth, much more focused on immediate diplomatic challenges, and much more serious about the difficulties of securing broad international coopera-

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tion in this field. She was well aware that the United States Senate was not likely to ratify a formal human-rights treaty. She therefore persuaded other delegations that the United Nations should start its human-rights advocacy with a non-binding declaration of principles (a measure that would require no action by the Senate).

As it turned out, Mrs. Roosevelt was prescient about the difficulties. It would take twenty years before the United Nations could agree on detailed provisions to implement the Universal Declaration in treaties that would (ostensibly) be binding international law. (The United States would ratify none of them until the early 1990s, and then only with severely constraining reservations.) Even while working on a non-binding declaration, Mrs. Roosevelt sought to curb overreaching provisions. She resisted ambitious guarantees of worker rights, for example. Glendon reports that she also resisted demands for what now would be called "gender inclusive language."

Despite her special mention in the book's subtitle, however, Eleanor Roosevelt is not quite the leading character in Glendon's story. *A World Made New* gives equal attention—and more credit—to Lebanon's ambassador, Charles Malik. He served successively as rapporteur of the Commission on Human Rights when it drafted the Declaration; then as chairman of the Economic and Social Council when it polished that draft; and finally as chairman of the wider U.N. committee that presented the Declaration to the General Assembly (where the Universal Declaration was finally adopted in December 1948).

It reflects well on the United Nations of that era that so much trust was placed in Malik. He was no diplomatic hack. He had earned a doctorate in philosophy at Harvard in the 1930s, *after studying with Alfred North* Whitehead and then with Martin Heidegger in Germany. He was called from his career as a philosophy professor in Lebanon to serve as U.N. ambassador, at a time when no one—including Malik, himself—was quite sure what that role would entail. Glendon tells us that in early deliberations, he would explicate the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas to bemused fellow delegates. But he won their respect with his patience and parliamentary skill in steering acceptable compromises through a succession of fractious debates.

Even on philosophical disputes, however, there were other delegates prepared to join or counter Malik at a high level of discussion. Glendon gives special credit to China's P.C. Chang (who had also earned a doctorate in philosophy, studying under John Dewey at Columbia) and France's René Cassin (a distinguished jurist who was already serving as president of the Conseil d'Etat, the very French counterpart to the U.S. Supreme Court). Along with strong advocates from the Philippines and several Latin nations, these men left distinctive imprints on the ultimate text of the Universal Declaration. None of the framers, Glendon shows, were mere prattlers.

But can the political grasp of these visionaries still command our respect? Chang was arguing the fine points of *the human-rights declaration* as Mao's army was overrunning his country. Did he think the Universal Declaration would help protect citizens of Red China? Glendon does not pursue this obvious and seemingly quite pertinent inquiry.

At the very time that he was honing the language of the Universal Declaration, Charles Malik was also serving as unofficial spokesman for the Arab League in U.N. debates on the future of Palestine. Malik doggedly opposed a separate Jewish state but insisted that in an Arab-ruled Palestine, there would be "absolute protection of Jews and no discrimination whatsoever." In fact, at the same time Malik was offering his diplomatic assurances, Azzam Pasha, secretary-general of the Arab League, promised "a war of extermination and a momentous massacre which will be spoken of like the Mongolian massacres and the Crusades."

Malik lived to see his own country torn by brutal sectarian conflict, then occupied and controlled by Syria, one of the world's most ruthless despotisms. Did Malik, a Lebanese Christian, have any real understanding of the Arab world? Glendon does not take up the question of whether Malik found the Universal Declaration any help for Lebanese Christians or any other minority group or individual in that part of the world.

René Cassin had followed Charles de Gaulle to London in 1940 and achieved prominence in postwar France as de Gaulle's protégé. Glendon tells us that Cassin made a total break with de Gaulle after the French president shifted to a pro-Arab position in 1967 and tried to cement this new posture with derogatory remarks about Jews. On Glendon's telling, Cassin was genuinely startled by de Gaulle's capacity for ruthless pursuit of French national interest—after he had spent a

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quarter century in de Gaulle's entourage. For Cassin, French national vanity was entirely consistent with strong internationalism: "The more I am French," he proclaimed in 1968, "the more I feel a part of humanity." But he was "shocked" by "the scandalous politicization" of U.N. agencies. Were he living today, he would, no doubt, again be shocked to find France intriguing at the United Nations on behalf of Saddam Hussein and the perpetrators of genocide in Rwanda.

Even Eleanor Roosevelt, for all her supposed realism, was distressed when President Truman launched his famous "Truman Doctrine" (offering aid to Greece, Turkey, and other countries resisting communism) without consulting the United Nations. She believed the United Nations would be a force for peace and stability which could contain the Cold War if only the United States would work within the U.N. system. This was not exactly prescient.

Both photos: Random House.

Charles Malik sits across from Eleanor Roosevelt at a meeting in Geneva in 1951

Great visionaries may be entitled to great blind spots, and to point out their human failings does not discredit their work. But it may remind us that Glendon's history, in displaying the admirable qualities of the drafters, does not establish the admirable quality of their product. And Glendon is not very convincing in her efforts to defend the value of the Declaration on broader grounds.

She struggles, for example, to refute charges that the Universal Declaration reflects a particular set of European or Western principles which are not truly "universal." She thus devotes a whole chapter to the work of a UNESCO committee, which, while diplomats were wrangling over the Declaration's text in the spring of 1947, undertook to survey the hopes of philosophers and thinkers from a variety of religious and philosophic traditions. According to Glendon's summary, they all expressed general sympathy for international guarantees of basic rights and a higher law to restrain and guide governments. Within U.N. committees, New Dealers and Neo-Thomists could make common cause with European socialists and defenders of Confucian verities.

But while universality may be recognized by thoughtful observers from different traditions, that doesn't mean it can be promulgated, much less negotiated. Do ideas become more universal when wrenched from their supporting context? Would Christianity be more universal if stripped of its theology ("Christianity without the tommy-rot")? Glendon emphasizes that the Declaration was meant to be an inspirational appeal rather than a model code. Yet the inescapable fact is that it is not framed in very inspiring rhetoric—which is why it is so rarely quoted.

There is a certain serene confidence in Jefferson's famous line: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." The counterpart affirmation in the preamble to the Universal Declaration, with its passive voice and legalistic trappings, sounds evasive by comparison: "Whereas the recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice, and peace in the world."

Charles Malik did want to mention "the Creator." Other delegates rejected his proposal, claiming it would endanger the universality of the text. Glendon reports the conclusion of the Neo-Thomist philosopher Jacques Maritain, "Yes, we agree about the rights but on condition that no one asks why." Can we be equally inspired by the practical conclusions without the sublime premises?

The Universal Declaration actually aspires to be much more than practical advice to governments. It describes itself, in the paragraph immediately following the preamble, as "a common standard of achievement for all peoples and nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance . . . among the peoples."

Glendon acknowledges that the moral vision of the Universal Declaration is not entirely consistent with that embodied in "the more individualistic documents of Anglo-American lineage"—such as the American Declaration of Independence or the U.S. Bill of Rights. These earlier documents did

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not demand that all citizens keep them "constantly in mind" and "strive by teaching and education" to "promote respect" for them. Perhaps that is because our own founding texts spoke of rights that were already widely recognized and respected by Americans. But the framers of our documents would not have dared to suggest (as the Universal Declaration implicitly does) that restraints on government are a substitute for religious restraints on individuals.

Glendon cautions that the Anglo-American rights tradition is overly individualistic and slights the duties we owe to others. Certainly, one can't make this complaint about the Universal Declaration, which begins by instructing every individual in the world what to think and teach. It then proclaims a right to education (while admonishing that education "shall further the activities of the United Nations"). In between, the Declaration proclaims a long list of welfare guarantees, such as each person's "right to just and favorable conditions of work" and "right to just and favorable remuneration ensuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented if necessary, by other means of social protection."

On the other hand, the Declaration offers no guarantees against general expropriations of property (only a stricture against "arbitrary confiscation," which seems directed at invidious, individualized seizures). The Declaration says nothing about compensation when property is taken. It offers no guarantee of contract rights and no guarantee of commercial freedom. In its eagerness to emphasize inclusiveness, the Declaration guarantees the right of everyone to vote—but (here bowing to Soviet insistence) says nothing about the right of competing parties to field rival slates of candidates.

These are hardly minor omissions. For most of the half century since the Declaration was proclaimed, much of the world has struggled with socialist economies that proved woefully unable to provide adequate subsistence to people—and most of the world also prohibited the sorts of genuinely competitive elections that might have challenged state overreaching and incompetence. Perhaps the Universal Declaration can't be blamed for any of this, precisely because it is so generally disregarded. But in hindsight, one can fairly wonder if its "universal" platform—on which even socialists could stand without fear of challenge—was really well-conceived.

The most fundamental question raised by the Universal Declaration concerns the status of *international* rights protection. The title of Glendon's book, *A World Made New*, acknowledges that the Universal Declaration is not just an extension of older traditions. It is most novel in its claim to international authority. The inescapable logic of establishing an international standard is that there ought to be international enforcement for the standard. Glendon's own account shows that this idea was present to the diplomats. The Declaration itself proclaims the need for subsequent "international measures" to "secure" its standards, and almost all of the United Nations' subsequent "declarations" on human rights has been followed up by subsequent treaties that purport to be legally binding.

Bettmann Archive

Eleanor Roosevelt with René Cassin in 1947

Our own Declaration of Independence holds that rights come from God, and governments exist "to secure these rights." It is not easy to see how American rights could be made more secure by "constantly teaching and educating" Americans that rights really come not from God, but from the United Nations, and that the security of rights rests with diplomats and bureaucrats at the United Nations. Does anyone believe that we would be more secure in our rights if we allowed appeal from the U.S. Supreme Court to some ultimate authority in the United Nations?

René Cassin certainly thought so. On receiving a Nobel Prize for his contributions to drafting the Universal Declaration, he proclaimed that the advent of international human-rights protection meant that "nations have lost their traditional exclusive jurisdiction over their treatment of their citizens." It was Cassin who insisted that the Declaration ought to be termed "universal" rather than merely an "international" agreement among independent states.

This vision has been realized in Western Europe. Animated by its own ideals of higher justice, the European Court of Human Rights has ordered Ireland to liberalize its abortion laws and more recently ordered Britain to drop its exclusion of homosexuals from the military. Meanwhile, the European Court of Justice claims authority to nullify parliamentary enactments of the member states and also to nullify rights protections in the constitutions of member states—on behalf of some vague, open-ended notion of a higher European justice.

Glendon cannot bring herself to say that Americans would be better off living under such a system. But she still chides the United States for not participating more fully in international human-rights machinery. "One need not be motivated by any love affair with the United Nations," she warns, "to recognize [its] importance" as a "starting point for cross-cultural discourse

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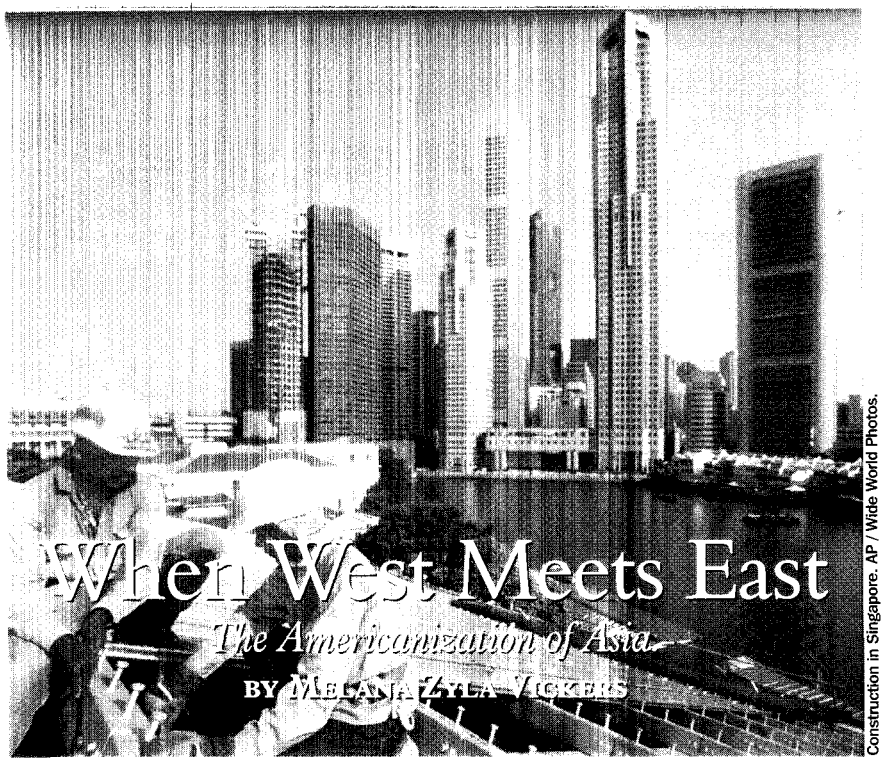
[on human rights]. To accept the claim that meaningful cross-cultural discussions of freedom and dignity are impossible is to give up on the hope that the political fate of humanity can be affected by reason and choice."

But in the age of satellite broadcasting and the Internet, we have no lack of "cross-cultural discussions." Holding such discussions at U.N. forums does not make them more meaningful. We don't "give up hope" for the "political fate of humanity" when we acknowledge that humanity is not in a position to make global collective decisions. In political matters—as in economic life and many other spheres—"reason and choice" are predominantly a matter of comparisons and distinctions. The more we have global standards handed down to us from above, the less any of us can exercise "reason and choice."

The framers of the Universal Declaration displayed their collectivist leanings in their disdain for independent states as much as in their distrust of free markets. They meant well, and they wanted to help everyone to get what they should receive. These globalist benefactors weren't too troubled at disagreements over their premises, because they were so sure of their conclusions. And they were so sure of their conclusions because *they* all agreed on them—whatever the actual citizens of actual countries might think. This is not the sort of "reflection and choice" to which Alexander Hamilton appealed in the opening pages of *The Federalist*, where American citizens are urged to set an "example" for the world in choosing constitutional arrangements *for themselves*.

The Declaration's founders were fascinating figures and deserve the attention Glendon gives them in *A World Made New*. But the fact remains that they were animated by a spirit of moral hubris, which is akin to the animating spirit of American judges and law professors in their liberal, activist heyday. Mary Ann Glendon offered telling and important criticism of that activism in her earlier works. She should know better than anyone why the spirit of legalistic activism does not appeal to most Americans. ♦



Construction in Singapore. AP / Wide World Photos.

When West Meets East

The Americanization of Asia

BY MELANA ZYLA VICKERS

Of all the dinner-party questions that arose among the small band of conservative journalists from Europe and America who lived in Asia during the 1990s boom years, the one probed with greatest curiosity was whether Asians would need democratic reform to make their capitalism successful.

Remade in America
How Asia Will Change Because America Boomed
by Jim Rohwer
Crown, 320 pp., $27.50

We hoped so, though quite frankly the evidence was not easy to come by. A few Asian governments (led by Hong Kong and Singapore) seemed to recognize that the rule of law was essential to protect economic freedoms and to understand that small government and low taxes were useful as well. But, sadly, the big stuff—free elections, openness to dissent, independent democratic institutions—wasn't much in evidence. Meanwhile the benign-authoritarian capitalism of Asia boomed on.

In the absence of American-style democracy, we were left to content ourselves with discovering new reflections of American institutions and economic strengths. While hardly a substitute, in business-dominated Asia these trends seemed hugely influential. Indeed, seen in the best light, emulation of the United States' economic practices is a precursor to political and societal reform. It is this progress Jim Rohwer has tracked in his new book *Remade in America*.

Formerly an editor for the *Economist* and now a contributing editor to *Fortune*, Rohwer looks at the elements of Asian failure in the crash years of 1997-1998 and predicts how Asia might reform in future. He has identified several encouraging trends, including the advent of professional management and some open-minded thinking in tradition-bound firms, the disciplining effects of the Internet, and the growth of capital markets that let money flow to its highest return instead of to politicians' cronies. Rohwer may be a little over-enthusiastic about the trends he's spotting, but he's clearly onto something. And if he's right, Asia will be better off.

Reform is on the front burner in Asia because the ingredients of the region's past decades of success have gone bad. The classic ascent—build an export firm, invest your returns in quickly appreciating assets such as property, borrow money through bankers to whom you are politically connected to buy still more of the assets, and watch your wealth grow—hasn't been working well since the crash of 1997 and 1998. As currencies, stock prices, and property values have plummeted, Asia's old-style firms have been scrambling. Some

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sought and found government protection, through bailouts and the like. But others embraced change, rejuvenating their management and adopting technological advances, or found themselves bought out by Americans at bargain-basement prices and had change imposed upon them.

Rohwer tracks the latter firms, drawing loose parallels to earlier economic evolutions in the United States. He notes the influence in Asia of American education and the exposure to American ways of doing business. Hong Kong magnate and publisher Jimmy Lai explains the value of that exposure this way: The great hope for Asians mulling how to harness the "technology, American ideas, American values . . . that will be prying open, will be invading all the world" is that Asians educated in the United States "will come to their senses and no longer rely on their fathers' way of doing things."

Rohwer points to the cross-fertilization of personnel, ideas, and money. In 1990, 20 percent of Silicon Valley engineers were immigrant Asians, and Asians ran 29 percent of the firms started between 1995 and 1998. Almost 20 percent of Silicon Valley firms and 13 percent of sales are by companies with CEOs from China (primarily Taiwan). Regular commuters between Taiwan and Silicon Valley even have a nickname: "astronauts."

Thanks in part to their exposure to American business culture and education, the Taiwanese lead the Asian effort to grow original R&D, provide venture capital, and build national brands. Through such efforts, they hope to break from the old model of manufacturing a few American-originated products efficiently and cheaply, often by subcontracting and selling for export. Rohwer notes similar peregrinations to the United States by Hong Kong and Korean businessmen, and recounts how some scions of family empires have returned to Asia to shape their fathers' firms in the manner they'd observed in the United States. The only trouble with Rohwer's observations is they're almost wholly anecdotal—he makes little effort to gauge what proportion is being colored by Yankee education or how deep the influence goes.

In the near term, an even greater influence than Harvard MBAs might well be money—both from direct investments by American firms and from Asia's emerging but increasingly mature capital markets. The latter are essential if Asia is to have what Rohwer calls "a free market for corporate control." At bottom, big and free capital markets wrest companies from the clutches of cronyism, because they give a wide set of owners influence on corporate performance. Using the United States' economic history as a model, Rohwer demonstrates that stock and bond markets—by allowing corporate insurgents to get rid of poor managers—provide "the lubricant of a financial system that is allowed to be commercially objective in its judgments."

Rohwer predicts that when catatonic Japan awakens, Asia's "free market for corporate control" will break through.

The change in capital markets will come, Rohwer says, because the traditional channels by which household savings and other investment gets to firms are being supplanted in Asia. True, informal lenders such as credit clubs, in which a group of people's pooled savings are periodically auctioned to the bidder offering the highest return, are still widespread. They've given many an Asian business its start. In Taiwan, for instance, credit clubs still handle 30 percent of the transfer of household savings to borrowers. But most of the bigger players that have proliferated—the crony-built banks that funded property bubbles in the region—are now "basically bankrupt."

As a result, change is being forced upon them. Not only are banks consolidating and getting better management, but Asia's gargantuan pool of household savings—worth some $14 trillion at the end of 1999, with most of it in Japan—is beginning to stream into stocks. Rohwer notes that new issues by Asian companies drew a record $109 billion after the crash, marking the first time companies raised more in the market than from banks. Rohwer predicts that when catatonic Japan, which controls 90 percent of Asia's pension-fund assets and is learning about mutual funds, awakens with an appetite to support great purchases of stocks and particularly bonds, Asia's "free market for corporate control" will experience a big breakthrough.

Rohwer makes much of the Internet's ability to supercharge business in Asia. Because the Internet does away with inefficient distribution, linking customers to the goods and services they want, it diminishes Asia's traditional weakness in distribution. And because the Internet does away with distances, it will let Asia maximize its talents for manufacturing products in a dispersed manner for a global market. Here too, though, he provides only anecdotal evidence. And his predictions aren't helped much by the tech downturn in the United States.

To *Remade in America*, Rohwer gives the subtitle *How Asia Will Change Because America Boomed*. He lets Singapore's elder statesman, Lee Kuan Yew, have the last word on the new relations between the United States and Asia: "If any single country is going to set the rules, I would rather have America. . . . The British kept their position as the leading imperial power by holding back . . . industrial capability. . . . When the Americans took over—partly because of the Cold War—they allowed the Germans and Japanese [the use of patents and other business strengths]. Now the technology has spread around the world. So if there's going to be one rule-maker, maybe this isn't too bad."

Not too bad at all, particularly if the American principles of democratic capitalism flower in Asia along with Western technology that Lee Kuan Yew praises. ♦

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Chester Himes in 1955. All Photos: Walker and Company.

Black Mystery

The life and work of Chester Himes.

BY JON L. BREEN

In 1926, a teenage busboy in Cleveland's Wade Park Manor Hotel opened an elevator door, stepped through without looking, and fell forty feet. A half century later, an American novelist in Spain, watching his wife change a tire, backed his wheelchair off the road and tumbled down into the ditch. Like snapshots, these two accidents that happened to Chester Himes capture his character—both as a man who rarely considered the consequences of his actions, and as a writer who filled his fiction with comic violence and unprovoked mishaps.

Chester Himes
A Life
by James Sallis
Walker, 359 pp., $28

Born in 1909, Chester Himes is a major African-American writer. But in a typical irony, the author of ambitious mainstream novels for prestigious publishers is best remembered for a series of paperback mystery stories. Himes's detective team of Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones, tough Harlem cops and dedicated family men, first appeared in *For Love of Imabelle* (1957), written at the invitation of Marcel Duhamel, editor of the French publisher Gallimard's crime fiction imprint *La Série Noire*. Seven more volumes followed, ending with *Blind Man With a Pistol* (1969). After Himes's death in 1984, a ninth book appeared, the unfinished *Plan B* (1993)—in which, like a slapstick version of the young Himes in the elevator, Coffin Ed injures himself walking into an open manhole.

The winner of two Edgar awards, Jon L. Breen is the author of six mystery novels and writes the "Jury Box" column in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.

Now, in *Chester Himes: A Life*, James Sallis has produced a superior new account of Himes's life and work. In Sallis's pages there emerges a picture of a charming, well-mannered, handsome, articulate, and funny man, who was also difficult, deeply bitter, and given to violent bursts of temper. Serious and hard-working in his writing, he was often irresponsible in his personal life.

Himes was born in Jefferson City, Missouri, the youngest of three brothers. His parents were well educated, middle class, and, in their differing ways, ambitious. But they were also unhappy, torn by conflict. His light-skinned mother was the more militant, resenting white people and regarding her accommodating husband as an Uncle Tom with a "slave mentality." Himes's brother Joseph was blinded in a freak accident in 1923, an incident for which Chester felt unreasonable guilt. Following his own hotel accident, in which he suffered serious back injuries, and an unsuccessful student career at Ohio State University, Himes served a term for armed robbery in the Ohio State Penitentiary from 1929 until his parole in 1936. While in prison, he began selling short stories to Negro periodicals, and in 1934 he became a contributor to *Esquire* (his first articles carrying the byline of his prisoner number, 59623).

Though Himes claimed he knew little about mystery fiction before he began producing it himself, he had read writers such as Dashiell Hammett in *Black Mask* and other pulp magazines while in prison. Indeed, his detective team of Coffin Ed and Grave Digger had precursors in the early story "He Knew," which Himes published in *Abbott's Weekly and Illustrated News* in 1933 (a story missing from the 1991 *Collected Stories of Chester Himes*). Prison was clearly the turning point in Himes's life—though Himes, as Sallis notes, devotes only six pages to his incarceration in his two volumes of memoirs, *The Quality of Hurt* (1972) and *My Life of Absurdity* (1976).

Married shortly after his release, Himes held many jobs in the years that followed, most of them menial (apart from a stint with a writers' project in Ohio). Even after he became a published novelist, when Himes sought other employment to make ends meet, the best day jobs open to him were as a janitor or servant. As late as 1955, after returning briefly from Europe, he worked as a porter at an Automat in New York.

When Himes and his wife migrated to California in 1941, he found a society more malignantly racist than the one he had left in the Midwest. On the verge of employment as a script reader at Warner Brothers, he was rejected because Jack

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Left: Himes in his twenties. Right: Standing between Picasso and Marcel Duhamel in Cannes in 1961.

Warner didn't "want no niggers on this lot." Himes's West Coast experience resulted in his first novel, *If He Hollers Let Him Go* (1945), an uncomfortably realistic depiction of a proud black man's lot in wartime Los Angeles. Its psychological insights and the detailed depiction of the shipyards background recall the work of James M. Cain. According to Sallis, it was originally conceived as a mystery novel "in which whites were being killed apparently at random all about L.A."

The controversial book, which seemed on the brink of bestsellerdom until it was apparently torpedoed by its own publisher, Doubleday, considered aspects of black American life that were seldom openly discussed, including social strata based on skin color, black anti-Semitism, and the complex attraction of black men and white women. Bob Jones, the tragic central figure in *If He Hollers Let Him Go*, represents an irony of the past century's racial strife: For all their determination to rediscover pre-slavery cultural roots, African Americans have much more in common with other Americans than with Africans. Jones believes in America and its ideals, desperately wants to embrace the American dream, but finds himself blocked. While not even whites have complete control over their lives, Jones believes, Negroes have none at all. It falls to his light-skinned girlfriend to make the case for accommodation, and Himes is fair enough (and conflicted enough) to write her an eloquent defense.

Himes's political views are hard to pin down, because his commitment to unvarnished truth was greater than his ability to follow any particular ideology. He wrote in *The Quality of Hurt*, "Reactionaries hate the truth and the world's rulers fear it; but it embarrasses the liberals, perhaps because they can't do anything about it." Communism in those days attracted many black writers and artists (including Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Paul Robeson, and Langston Hughes) by talking a good game against racism. But Himes soon realized how little real concern the Communists had for blacks—and he used his second novel, *Lonely Crusade* (1947), to satirize the Communist party in America.

Himes would later claim that a cabal of Communists, outraged by the book, systematically destroyed his literary career in the United States. It's true that *Lonely Crusade* was excoriated by the Communist press, but the reviews from mainstream media were not nearly as hard as Himes remembered. Still, the novel had the problem and the virtue of offending not only the extreme left wing but nearly everyone on the political and racial spectrum. Himes's desire to blame a conspiracy is understandable: In a single morning, two department store book signings and an appearance with influential radio personality Mary Margaret McBride were canceled.

Some European Communists continued to celebrate Himes after the party in America had turned on him. But he remained firmly anti-Communist. In a 1970 German radio interview, transcribed in Michel Fabre and Robert Skinner's *Conversations with Chester Himes* (1995), Himes stated that the party had used the civil-rights struggle for its own ends but had done nothing to help blacks. In the same interview, Himes, for all his bitterness toward white people and his growing conviction that blacks could not achieve real equality without violence, pronounced integration preferable to segregation in addressing problems between the races.

In 1953, stung by the failure of his books to achieve recognition in the United States and divorced from his first wife, Himes left his home country. Like most of the expatriated black American artists—Richard Wright, Paul Robeson, Sidney Bechet, James

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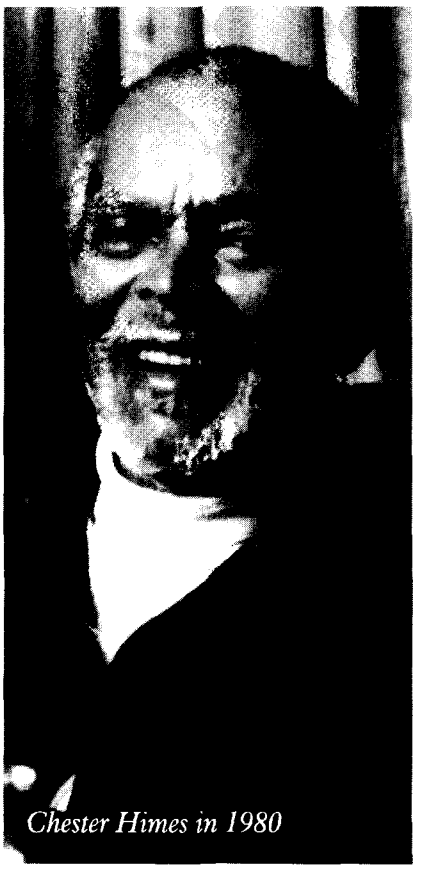
Baldwin, Josephine Baker—Himes found refuge not in Africa but in Europe, a culture in many ways similar to that of the United States but perceived as less racist. By the middle 1960s, either because Himes had found his true niche in crime fiction or because his downbeat vision of American society had become more palatable, success came at last. Living in Spain with his second wife, he was able to enjoy some financial stability and recognition from the literary world, sadly accompanied by steadily failing health and continued anger and bitterness, until the end of his life in 1984.

Detective fiction is about making sense of things, and Himes's work often seems to be about how little sense can be made of anything. Thus, one might expect Himes to produce anti-detective fiction, that aggravating form in which problems are posed but solutions withheld, using the trappings of the mystery to subvert it. Only *Blind Man With a Pistol* fits that description. In the last two chapters, the title character, who has no connection with the rest of the story, goes on his shooting rampage, and the Harlem detective team are seen using their expensive weapons to shoot rats. The novel's mysteries, including who committed the murders and the identity of the shadowy rackets boss Mr. Big, are never solved.

But the other novels in the series are genuine detective stories. Himes the crime fiction writer is most often celebrated for his vivid descriptions of Harlem, his offbeat characters and their colorful dialogue, his depiction of violence-as-everyday-life, and his pungent observations about race relations. But his plotting skill deserves recognition as well. Sallis makes the odd claim that "Himes largely rejected plot, adopting the simplest gimmicks (what mystery folk call a MacGuffin)... as frameworks on which to hang vivid scenes and confrontations among outlandish characters."

A MacGuffin is the object that sets the plot in motion, the thing all the characters in the story are after. Examples from director Alfred Hitchcock (who is credited with inventing the term) include the secret plans in *The 39 Steps* and the uranium ore in *Notorious*. Hammett's statue of a black bird in *The Maltese Falcon* is another archetype. MacGuffins are plentiful in Himes's work: a trunk full of fool's gold in *For Love of Imabelle*, a hidden bundle of numbers winnings in *The Big Gold Dream* (1960), an envelope of campaign funds in *All Shot Up* (1960), a cotton bale full of money in *Cotton Comes to Harlem* (1965), a string of eels containing heroin in *The Heat's On* (1961), a Gladstone bag with payment for a rejuvenation potion in *Blind Man With a Pistol*.


Chester Himes in 1980

But the fact is that Himes fully embraced plot: respecting the mystery genre, observing many of its conventions, and meeting its requirements for misdirection and surprise. Even the outline of the unfinished *Plan B*, an over-the-top apocalyptic vision of race war in the United States that is more satirical thriller than detective novel, described some solid sleuthing by the Harlem cop team, leading up to the shocking conclusion in which the two old friends choose up sides and Grave Digger shoots and kills Coffin Ed.

All of Himes's crime fiction makes rewarding reading. Purely as a detective story, *The Real Cool Killers* (1959) is probably the best. Comprising crime, detection, solution, and (in a tense hostage situation) genuine suspense, the novel develops the two Harlem sleuths as unique and sympathetic characters, including Coffin Ed's relationship with his daughter. Justice is done, if indirectly, and—in contrast to the last books in the series—the ending is upbeat, positive, even sentimental. Most important for the mystery lover, Himes is as determined as Agatha Christie to divert the reader's attention from the real killer.

For us now, more than a decade after his death, to reach a judgment about his work, we need to evaluate Himes in three different ways: as an African-American writer, a practitioner of crime fiction, and a figure in the wider world of American letters. None of his stories is as well known as Richard Wright's *Native Son*, nor do they rank with the absolute classic of black American fiction, Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, but Himes's place as an important black novelist seems secure. So, too, Himes seems a permanent addition to the mystery canon. Though a few black mystery writers preceded him, he was the first who could stand with the best in the genre regardless of race, and he paved the way for such later writers as Walter Mosley, Gary Phillips, Gar Anthony Haywood, and Paula L. Woods.

The third question—Himes's place in American letters—is more of a problem. American literature in the twentieth century is so obsessed with race and ethnicity, it's difficult to say whether black skin is a help or a hindrance to literary reputation. In a color-blind America, Himes's early books might have achieved greater recognition for their style and narrative power, but in such a society they would have had no reason to exist. Himes had the mixed blessing of being ahead of his time, a truth-teller before the literary world of any color was ready to hear it. ♦

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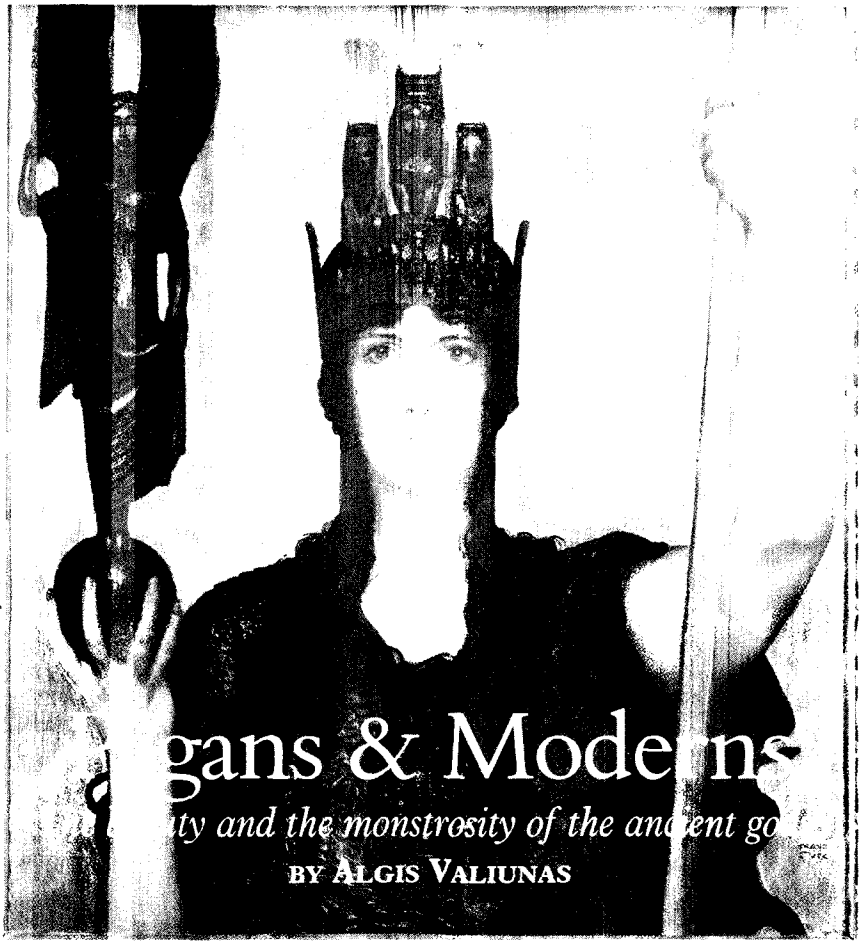

Franz von Stuck's *Pallas Athena* (1898). Ali Meyer / CORBIS.

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BY ALGIS VALIUNAS

Even in the days that Homer sings of, sightings of the gods were a rarity. By the time the Trojan War got underway, Zeus had pretty much given up making earthly appearances, and it was hard for even the wisest mortals to identify the lesser gods he sent in his stead, as Odysseus complained to Athena. As Roberto Calasso, the noted Italian literary critic, puts it: "Every primordial age is one in which it is said that the gods have *almost* disappeared."

Literature and the Gods
by Roberto Calasso
Knopf, 212 pp., $22

But Calasso's principal concern in *Literature and the Gods* is with the gods' *re*appearance during what he calls "the heroic age of absolute literature," which began in 1798 with the youthful trumpetings of the German writers Friedrich von Schlegel and Novalis and closed in 1898 with the death of the French poet Stéphane Mallarmé. With bold imaginative leaps Calasso discerns the important but subtle connections among "the reawakening of the gods, parody, and . . . 'absolute literature,' by which I mean literature at its most piercing, its most intolerant of any social trappings."

Calasso heads an important Italian publishing firm, but his reputation as a critical mandarin derives from the surprising critical success—and even more surprising commercial success—of his 1994 study of ancient mythology, *The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony*. His latest book, an outgrowth of the Weidenfeld Lectures he delivered at Oxford last year, is a similarly riveting work of cultural history.

The gods' reemergence in modern times came after the Enlightenment had virtually done them in, most notably in France, at the hands of Voltaire and his contemporaries: "With breezy and derisive self-assurance, the childish Greek fables, the barbaric Shakespeare, and the sordid biblical tales were all summarily dismissed as no more than the work of a shrewd priesthood determined to suffocate any potentially enlightened minds in their cradles."

But the orderliness and the intelligibility the Enlightenment promised in the eighteenth century were thwarted well before the century was out—as Schlegel, speaking for the potent new movement, let it be known in 1798: The "beautiful muddle of the imagination" and the "original chaos of human nature" find their deepest expression in the "shining tangle of the ancient gods." It's an understatement to say that Schlegel's celebration of life-giving irrationality caught on. The great Italian poet Giacomo Leopardi denounced the cult of reason that "renders all the objects to which it turns its attention small and vile and empty, destroys the great and the beautiful and even, as it were, existence itself, and thus is the true mother and cause of nothingness, so that the more it grows, the smaller things get."

Leopardi did maintain some skepticism about the "new mythology" into which Schlegel hoped to breathe life. But though he thought the old gods could not be revived with any genuine religious significance for modern men, he also thought that the *stories* about those gods could endow poetry with a magnificence that ordinary life in modern times lacked. "To be contemporary to this century," Leopardi writes, "is, or necessarily involves, not being a poet, not being poetry."

So who, then, among Schlegel's followers actually felt the *religious* significance of the old gods? In Calasso's view, "there is one writer of whom we may suspect that he *saw* the gods *enargeis*, in all their vividness: Hölderlin." There is a fine line between mysticism and madness, and, by all accounts, Friedrich Hölderlin crossed it, never quite to find his way back.

As a young poet, he was already vouchsafed a vision of marvels. Wandering through France on his way home from Bordeaux, he was assailed by a divine apparition: "As they tell of the heroes, I can say Apollo struck me down," he wrote a friend. Unlike the ancient Greeks, who joined in a common worship (Calasso quotes a splendid passage from Apollonius of Rhodes in which the Argonauts see Apollo striding across an otherwise deserted island), the modern visionary suffers a terrifyingly singular, desperately lonely

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sanctity. No modern man, Hölderlin states, will see the gods as the Greeks saw them. The gods are found in books alone, and reading is the closest thing to an act of devotion.

Charles Baudelaire recounts in an 1851 essay the conversation he had with a young intellectual alight with an ardor for the pagan world—"the true doctrines that were eclipsed, but *only for an instant*, by the infamous Galilean." The great god Pan, the young man declares, will be the presiding deity of the revolution that will save the world from the horrors of Christianity. The young man takes his own greatest inspiration from "a profound and benevolent look" that Juno recently gave him. Baudelaire suspects he might be mad, and a third man observes that the pagan enthusiast must have caught the eye of an actress who was playing Juno at the Hippodrome, a Parisian circus. As Calasso puts it, "By this time what had started as the most magniloquent and visionary of exchanges has become pure Offenbach." At the glance of the urbane ironist, the sublime melts like so much ice cream.

In the desire to revive the pagan world, the most repulsive monstrosity would quickly become literature's peculiar province. In the hands of the wicked Lautréamont, every piety and impiety is gutted, and we become incapable, Calasso claims, of knowing whether to laugh or to shudder. *Les Chants de Maldoror* (1868) recounts the misdeeds of a serial killer who makes Romantic Satanism seem like kid stuff: Maldoror and his bulldog take turns raping a young virgin, before the book's hero takes his pocket knife to the girl's vagina and removes her organs, one by one. The "original chaos of human nature" that once seemed so enticing has lost much of its innocent appeal.

The moral indecision of Lautréamont's tone, which never lets on whether the reader is to take any of this seriously, fascinates and appalls Calasso: "'When there are no gods, the phantoms reign,' Novalis had prophesied. Now one could go a step further and say: Gods and phantoms will alternate on the scene with equal rights. There is no longer a theological power capable of taking charge and putting them in order." Maldoror takes on God Himself in a series of battles, and he is strong enough to make the Creator howl in agony. Literature, which used to serve a moral purpose, now takes no direction from religion or society but "wanders about the ocean of the mind for the pure pleasure and play of the gesture."

Curiously, it is the literature thus constituted that becomes for certain modern readers the one source of salvation. Mallarmé went through his own "terrible struggle with old and evil plumage"—and his poetry is the proof that he emerged victorious from the fray: "Having discovered Nothingness I have found the Beautiful." Dry-eyed materialism furnishes the ground for the most thrilling ecstasies of the soul:

Frederico nel Tadeuro Zacchi, *Apollo and Daphne* (14th cent.) CORBIS

> Yes, *I know*, we are nothing but vain forms of matter—yet sublime too when you think that we invented God and our own souls. So sublime, my friend! That I want to give myself this spectacle of a matter aware, yes, of what it is but throwing itself madly into the Dream that it knows it is not, singing the Soul and all those divine impressions that gather in us from earliest childhood, and proclaiming, before the Nothingness that is the truth, those glorious falsehoods!

As Calasso writes, "In Mallarmé the material of poetry is brought back, with unprecedented and as yet unrepeated determination, to mental experience." When the gods have been evicted, the human mind takes over occupancy of the sacred precincts—and every modern poet's mind, Mallarmé declares, thus holds the possibility of a rhetoric and cadence uniquely his own. The literary forms that tradition had hallowed now yield to inspired improvisation.

The age of Mallarmé, as Calasso formulates the central insight of his book, "was the period in which the epiphany of a multiplicity of gods went hand in hand with the overturning of established forms, a prolonged contact with the 'sacred chaos,' the emancipation of literature from all the authorities it had previously obeyed."

Every modern writer is his own authority, and the practice of absolute literature provides him with a knowledge he can get from no other source—knowledge that he acquires in quest of the absolute, and that pays no obeisance to the petty idols of social usefulness.

Calasso sometimes sprays ideas in a fine mist rather than direct them in a concentrated fire. He includes, for example, a chapter on the significance of meter in ancient Indian texts that seems only dimly related to the rest of the book. And one is left wondering what Calasso thinks of such twentieth-century developments as the musical twanging and thumping of John Cage, or the monumental urinals of Marcel Duchamp. Surely this is art reduced to "mental experience": Its sole reason for being is to question the nature of art itself, and it provides no other interest.

Still, Calasso's *Literature and the Gods* is a learned, eloquent, and artful piece of work. Drawing upon little-known writings by well-known writers, making astute connections between spiritual life and artistic form, he forces us to think again what the gods were for—what it meant when they were present, what it meant when they withdrew, and what frightening things the effort to revive them awoke in the modern soul. ♦

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Parody

Undercover Austin cops discovered the president's daughter drinking a beer last month at a bar in Austin's popular Sixth Street nightclub district. Police said Bush did not appear drunk when she was picked up, and that the two Secret Service agents standing outside the bar had no idea Bush was inside drinking.

—*New York Post*, May 17, 2001

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE

INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION PROGRAMS

How the American Justice System Works
A Guide for Emerging Democracies

The American criminal justice system is a carefully calibrated set of procedures designed to protect the rights of citizens while swiftly apprehending criminals. Let us describe a hypothetical crime to demonstrate how this system, the flower of our fully mature democracy, works in practice.

1. A member of the first family robs a bank in Denver, Colorado. Secret Service agents, who were standing outside the bank, supposedly guarding suspect, announce they "had no idea a robbery was going on." Agents were busy trying to figure out which was the top side of a piece of dental floss when suspect sprinted from bank carrying bags of cash while firing gun.
2. Seeking assistance, local police call in an elite squad of detectives from Boulder, Colorado, police force. After seven-week investigation, Boulder team is unsuccessful in efforts to locate either its ass or its elbow.
3. LAPD volunteers to assist local police in beating up minority bystanders and stealing proceeds of any related drug seizures.
4. Federal authorities notified. Documents sent to all FBI offices and promptly lost in filing cabinets, along with documents pertaining to whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa, several generations of ham sandwiches, and 4 million missing socks.
5. Justice Department gets involved in case. Attorney General orders agents to find an obscure religious cult and incinerate it.
6. FBI finds gun which may have been used in the crime. Sends to FBI lab. Technicians report that according to their tests the gun is pregnant.
7. FBI manages to crack case. Sadly, FBI moles ship pertinent documents to Moscow.
8. "America's Most Wanted" producer tracks down perpetrator in 37 minutes. Decides the case is too obvious to air.
9. Suspect hires Johnnie Cochran as defense attorney. Jeffrey Toobin completes book on case. Alan Dershowitz has himself surgically joined to Geraldo Rivera's hip while Rivera is sleeping.
10. Trial lasts 47 months. At conclusion, judge throws out case, ruling it's just not that exciting to sentence people to life without parole if they have already passed puberty. "Give me a 12-year-old any day," judge observes.
11. O.J. Simpson announces he will not rest until he tracks down "the real robber." Insists he will search every fairway until culprit is caught.

the weekly Standard
May 28, 2001

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The SAT: Blaming the Messenger

E.D. Hirsch Jr. is a professor of education and humanities, University of Virginia; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

Opponents of the SAT say we don't know what it measures and hint darkly that it smacks of discredited IQ testing. Decades ago, the distinguished psychometrician John Carroll stated, correctly, that the verbal SAT is an "advanced vocabulary test." At a lower level so are other standardized tests in common use such as the verbal portions of the Stanford 9, the ITBS, the CTBS, and, most significant of all, the well-studied AFQT, taken by those who enter military service. The verbal portions of these tests are highly correlated with one another and with real-world competencies in the armed forces, in college, and in the workplace.

Critics of the SAT concede that it was devised to ensure fairness in admission to elite colleges but that it has become unfair to able students who do not perform well on fill-in-the-bubble tests, to those who belong to ethnic groups and so are on uneasy terms with the cultural assumptions of the verbal SAT, and to those whose parents are not rich enough to pay for the expensive SAT courses that claim to raise scores. The result has been ethnically and racially unrepresentative admission to top universities. These sins against equity are compounded by sins against proper educational goals. Instead of prodding students to think about the civil rights movement or Shakespeare's plays, schools now run cram courses to improve performance on standardized tests.

These are reasonable criticisms, but they are accompanied by vague recommendations for better tests that can disclose deeper skills than those measured by the verbal SAT, or for tests that are based on the school curriculum. Yet **no test of "alternative" skills has proved to be fair and valid.** The idea of using tests based on the school curriculum is more promising, but so far no statewide curriculum is specific enough to permit curriculum-based tests that are fair. Until fair and valid curriculum-based tests are developed, it is irresponsible to abandon a test like the SAT that is valid and fair.

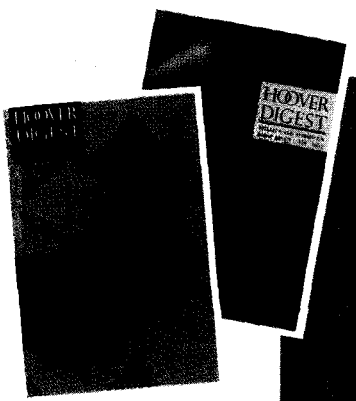
I sympathize with the social motives behind this intellectual irresponsibility. I too want able disadvantaged students to have the opportunity to attend top colleges. But SAT critics have chosen the wrong target. The right target is K–12 public education. The most promising alternative to the SAT—curriculum-based tests—are themselves ultimately means for improving scores on the SAT by improving the underlying vocabulary knowledge that the SAT measures. Statewide curriculum-based tests recently introduced in Virginia have already produced a rise in SAT-style verbal tests.

So I agree that curriculum-based tests offer the most promising way for schools to overcome inequities created by class and caste. But **the virtues of curriculum-based tests in no way invalidate the verbal SAT** or similar tests, which are currently the only good instruments to calibrate the accuracy of curriculum-based tests that are offered as alternatives. If school-based tests do not produce rises in the verbal SAT, then something is wrong with the tests and the schools. Blaming the SAT is a short-sighted way of taking the heat off the public schools to provide genuine equality of educational opportunity.

The answers to these problems are clear: measurement and accountability for results, public support of schools that compete with one another, and parental choice of schools.

— E. D. Hirsch Jr.

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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It takes an unflinching commitment to research $30.5 billion annually when breakthroughs are your business.

We're America's pharmaceutical companies. There are a lot of ways you can measure our commitment.

One measure is the combined annual financial commitment American pharmaceutical companies make to research and development. America's pharmaceutical companies will spend more than $30.5 billion this year alone on discovering and developing new medicines.

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